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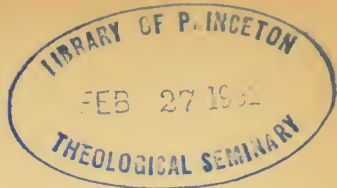
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A Christian business man









A

# CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MAN

BIOGRAPHY OF

✓  
DEACON C. F. GATES

BY HIS SON ✓

CALEB FRANK GATES



BOSTON AND CHICAGO:

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society

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To Our Mother,


WHO WALKED WITH OUR FATHER FOR THIRTY-NINE YEARS

AND REJOICED IN HIS LABORS,

THIS

SKETCH IS DEDICATED BY

HER CHILDREN



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# A CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE BEGINNINGS OF A LIFE.

IN May, 1662, twenty-eight men purchased from the Indians a large and valuable tract of land lying on both banks of the Connecticut River, about thirty miles from its mouth, and known as "Thirty Mile Island." The proprietors began a settlement on the west bank of the river, and the plantation grew rapidly. In 1668 it was incorporated under the name of Haddam, which included the present town of East Haddam, then known by the Indian name of Mache-moodus.

The first settlers were for the most part from Hartford, Wethersfield, and Windsor. One of these original proprietors was George Gates, who came from Hartford to assist in founding the new town. He was born in England in 1634. There is a record in an old Bible of the Gates family which styles him "the first from England." When the town of Haddam was incorporated he was chosen as its representative in the Colonial Assembly, and served in that capacity four

years — 1668–73. Later he became a captain of militia, and was thenceforth known as Captain George Gates. In 1685 he removed to the east bank of the river, and from that time to the present some of his descendants have always been found in the town of East Haddam.

Captain George Gates married Sarah Olmsted, granddaughter of James Olmsted, who came from England in 1632 and became one of the original proprietors of Hartford. Her mother was a daughter of Joseph Loomis, who was one of the earliest settlers of the town of Windsor. Thus the founders of the Gates family in America are numbered among the founders of those towns in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut River.

CALEB FOOTE GATES, the subject of this sketch, bore the names of his grandfather and grandmother. His grandfather was Deacon Caleb Gates, of East Haddam, and his grandmother was Esther Foote, a descendant of Nathaniel Foote, who came from England in 1634 and settled in Watertown, Conn. Their children were four — Caleb, Selden, Russell, and Esther.

Russell Gates, the father of Caleb Foote Gates, was born July 16, 1786, and died of apoplexy July 26, 1834, when his son Caleb was ten years old. In his early manhood Russell Gates was known and esteemed as a capable and respectable young man, a worthy scion of the respectable family into which he was born. He married a widow, Mrs. Mabel Kelsey, the daughter of George

Griswold, of Killingworth, Conn., a union which did not prove in all respects a happy one, not from any grave misdemeanors on either part, but from a certain incompatibility of temperament which in time, by mutual consent, led to their separation. Mrs. Kelsey had two children by her former husband, Sophia and Cynthia, and she bore two children to Russell Gates — Esther Elizabeth, born September 2, 1821, and Caleb Foote, born April 20, 1824.

Russell Gates removed from East Haddam, and made his home for a time in the Highlands, on the banks of the Hudson River, nearly opposite West Point. It was here that his son Caleb was born, and he was christened in the chapel of the West Point Military Academy.

Upon the breaking up of the home, the little girl, who was always called by her second name, Elizabeth, went to live with her father's brother Caleb on a farm at East Haddam; but the boy was sent to his mother's sister, Nancy Griswold, in Springfield, N. Y. He was then only four years old and knew little of his father, who died six years later. His mother lived nearly thirty years longer.

Even before this date Caleb seems to have been sent away from home for a time, and his infancy was robbed of the sweet memories that should cluster around that happy period of life. In his diary of December 20, 1848, commenting on a ghost story which had afforded him much amuse-

ment, he recounts a little of his own experience in childhood as follows:—

Owing to some things peculiar in the situation of our family, I was early initiated into the mysteries of “boarding out.” When four years old I went to reside in the family of Mrs. S——, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was a fine, matronly lady in reduced circumstances, and so obliged to pursue some daily avocation to sustain herself and her sick husband, who died after a long illness. After his departure the family consisted of Mrs. S——, her two daughters, and myself. The names of the two daughters were Nancy and Melvina, and their employment “mantua-making.” Now so long as the mother was at home I had fine times, and received every attention and kindness to be expected by one in such a situation; but when she left home and the two girls had the ordering of my person, farewell to all peace of mind and rest of body. It seemed as if they tortured their brains for the invention of some new and strange ways in which to inflict suffering on my poor little body. They used to trounce me with the prunings of the garden trees, hang me up by my arms in the garret, and cause me to abstain from food when a crust of bread would have been relished, and, worst of all, they used to scare me with such horrid lies about Old Scratch as ought to have blistered their tongues and burned their cheeks for shame.

I remember one day in particular. It was a glorious afternoon, and, having escaped from the confinement of an infant school, I frolicked merrily along the street until a clay hole attracted my attention, and

with my fellows I plunged in and fell to making marbles of clay. Soon my sister chanced to pass by and espied my white head. Giving me a piece of licorice, she told me to go right home. Miss Nancy met me at the door and savagely demanded where I had been so long. In my boyish simplicity I told the whole story, and, by way of compensation for my frankness, was ordered to go to bed without my supper, and was told that Old Scratch would appear to me that very night. It is utterly impossible for me to describe my sensations as I stripped off my garments and ensconced my body in the bedclothes. Long and anxiously I awaited the coming of his highness, and as some sound differing from the usual hum of the city was borne into my chamber my heart would beat wildly against its casement and my respiration was of the shortest kind imaginable. At last I perceived a most awful figure entering the chamber door, shaking some iron chains and groaning out in sepulchral tones, "W-h-e-r-e-'s t-h-a-t b-o-y?" Oh, the horrors of that night! With stealthy tread the figure neared my bedside, grasped the bedclothes, and attempted to uncover me. For a few seconds I clung to the clothes with desperate energy, then, completely overcome with fright, I fainted and knew no more until I waked and found it was early dawn. It was almost twenty years ago, and yet every trivial circumstance is as fresh before my mental vision as if it had happened yesterday.

It was probably this period of his life that he had in mind when he wrote to his wife soon after their marriage, while she was visiting the home of

her childhood, illustrating his thought by an allusion to a work of fiction which they had been reading together: "I trust that you reached home in safety. Would that I could sympathize with you from personal experience instead of mere observation! Would to God that it had been mine to have had thrown around me in early days some such affectionate care and love as Mrs. Hamilton's! How different might I have been in youth and manhood! My nature was full of warm, gushing, clinging affection once; but harsh and deceitful conduct on the part of those to whose care I was entrusted soon dried up those bursting springs and made me, while yet in infancy, a calculating and, at times, a deceitful child, even when my heart was longing to make a full disclosure and receive a fond caress as much as did Ellen's."

He always felt that his life had been shorn of a grace which only a happy infancy and the loving ministrations of fond parents can give, and the experience through which he had passed made him careful not to terrify children or alarm them. Any attempt to frighten children into good behavior was sure to awaken his indignation. He found a refuge from such cruel treatment in the home of his aunt.

Nancy Griswold was a maiden lady, living in her own house in Springfield, N. Y., and known to all the village as Aunt Nancy Griswold. It was to her home that Caleb Gates came in 1828,

when he was only four years old, and it was to her training that he owed much of the sterling character which he achieved in later years.

Aunt Nancy was a woman of marked Christian character. A few years later she became a great sufferer. A letter written by Elizabeth Gates to her brother, August 13, 1849, speaks of her in these words: "What a bodily sufferer she is! but she always comes forth like gold purified by the fire. There is not one of our relatives whose character I respect and esteem more than Aunt Nancy's. We both have much for which to thank her. Her counsels to me have never been forgotten, and I presume you prize her early training more and more every year."

She was a typical New England woman, somewhat austere and prim, slow to reveal her affections, but with a very loving heart hidden under this somber exterior. She never married, and it was perhaps impossible for her to know how much the little boy committed to her charge longed for some sign of love, some fond caress. On one occasion she did show her affection for him. After he had been with her for some time he one day ventured to tell her of the experience already described, when he had been so badly frightened by some thoughtless girls—an experience which had left its impression on him, making him timid and afraid of darkness, but which he had never dared to relate to any one before. To his surprise tears filled his aunt's eyes as she listened to his



tale and she said: "You poor boy! why did n't you tell me of this before?" and then she gave him a tender kiss. Those tears and that kiss were treasured up in the boy's mind as a very precious memory.

In Springfield Caleb attended a private school taught by a Mr. Dixon, and there he received a thorough training in the elements of an English education and began the study of Latin. Out of school he split wood, drew water, and ran errands for his aunt. She did not consider her duty towards him finished when she had sent him to school, but exercised a strict watch over him and labored for his improvement, striving to fill his mind with good thoughts and to occupy his time with good books. That he recognized his indebtedness to her for thus forming his taste for good reading appears from the following record in his diary:—

*February 23, 1849.* — The day has passed and I am once more at home and happy among my dear folios. Ah, how thankful I am that my good aunt instilled into my mind a love for good reading, instead of allowing me to spend the winter evenings among a profane rabble from whom I could have gained nought save vice, and who would, in all probability, have stripped me of every semblance of virtue! It used to seem exceedingly hard to be debarred from engaging in what was termed innocent sport with my schoolmates, and many a time did I steal to the window and peep wishfully through the curtains as the



sleds whirled past the house or the shouts of some frolicsome game made the welkin ring again. But now I look back and thank God for the restraint under which, through my aunt, he kept me, thus answering my nightly prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Verily it is good for the child that he be early taught the great lesson of subjection, without which

"None knoweth his place, yet all refuse to serve;  
None weareth the crown, yet all usurp the scepter."

A pen picture of that Springfield home occurs in his diary of July 27, 1848, written at a time when his sister and half-sisters were there:—

While gazing on this scene, my mind involuntarily flits to the home of my boyhood. There, in the little front room, sits Aunt Nancy, sisters Sophia, Cynthia, and, I hope, Elizabeth. How calm and pleasant aunt's countenance as she talks of other days when I was her boy and of the friends of that period now scattered far o'er the surface of earth or resting in quiet beneath it! Her brow still wears the same quiet serenity, betokening thoughts not so fanciful and gay as engage the minds of our misses and maidens of this generation, but deep and fervent, freighted richly with the weal of humanity and the cause of our God. Ah, how I would like to creep slyly in and give her a buss before she could utter a lecture on manners and modesty! And those sisters! how pleasantly strange to see them all together!—a sight I have not witnessed since the days of my infancy. Even to think of this picture makes my heart beat quicker and the wishes rise fast.

Aunt Nancy required her charge to read his Bible, the Westminster Catechism, and The Missionary Herald. Every month the missionary magazine was read from cover to cover, not even the notices of contributions being omitted. The little child and the gray-haired woman together bent over open charts and traced the onward course of the gospel of salvation in the world. In this way the kingdom of God became a very real thing to the growing boy, and he acquired a knowledge of the geography of the kingdom and an interest in its affairs which were never lost. He dated his interest in missions from the lessons which he learned at his aunt's knee. His aunt was poor, but she was accustomed to give regularly to all charitable objects and especially to the cause of missions. In 1838 some of her neighbors honored her with a donation party. Writing to her nephew of that occasion, she said:—

*My dear Son,*—I fancy you will say, “I believe aunt is going to receive this year all she ever put into the treasury of the Lord.” Let me tell you I have been led to examine my motives in giving, and cannot but hope that they are such as to secure a *future* reward. I now say to you as I have often said before, It is safe to do our duty.

Under Aunt Nancy's instructions her charge learned to lay aside a part of his small earnings for the work of the gospel; and when the time

came to distribute what he had thus accumulated, the question of its use became a very serious one to him, although the sum was small. He felt that he was a steward of that money and must put it to the best possible use; and so he made a thorough study of the several benevolent societies of the Congregational Church, and obtained a knowledge of their origin, aim, and methods which was the basis of his giving even in later years.

Under her instructions too he formed the habit of regular attendance on church services and the Sabbath-school. In after years he spoke of this period of his life in an address to children, as follows:—

Among the earliest memories of my life is that of an infant-class room, with its little raised seats, and pictures of Bible scenes hung on the walls, and from the time I was six until I was twenty-one years old I cannot remember more than half a dozen Sundays when I did not go to church—and those were Sundays when I was prevented by sickness. Very largely my education came by attendance upon church and Sunday-school. Twenty-five years of regular attendance upon church, with all its precious privileges, is enough to make any one grow in grace and in wisdom, and to lay the foundations of a character that will win the favor of God and man.

Such were the influences surrounding the boyhood of Caleb Gates. We cannot close this chapter better than by transcribing some of Aunt

Nancy's words to her nephew, written after he had left her fireside : —

*My dear Boy*, — I have nothing new to say to you by way of advice, but must beg you to remember and practice what I have told you before. Always act from principle ; do what is right, whatever sacrifice of feeling or apparent interest it may cost you. Look to God for strength to do your duty. Pray ! oh, pray that you may be kept from the follies and vices that are in the world !

I trust that you will be very obedient, kind, and obliging to your uncle ; in short, do all you can to promote his happiness. Strive to make all around you happy ; that is the best way to be happy yourself. A person that is supremely selfish must be miserable. I hope you will improve the opportunities you enjoy in the best possible manner, and be sure you improve the heart as well as the head. Cultivate the strictest moral principle, and beware of the smallest deviation from what is right. Small departures lead to greater ones, and if your feet once begin to slide in the downward course, you know not where you will stop. I hope you will be very particular about your associates. Keep no company except with those who will be calculated to make you wiser and better ; be particular about your manners, for you know a man who possesses true, genuine politeness of manners can have more influence in society, other things being equal ; and by no means choose for your intimate friends those who are low and vulgar in their habits. Always treat the opinions of those who are older than yourself with respect, and if in any case you feel

obliged to differ from them, do it with all due deference to their age and experience.

Endeavor to acquire the habit of denying yourself in order to promote the happiness of others. In this way you will lay a permanent foundation for your own happiness, for in my opinion the less selfish we are, the more happy. Be obliging and kind to every one, but especially to those with whom you live. Remember the lessons I have often given you on this subject and reduce them to practice, and, whatever else you neglect, do not neglect the interests of your soul. Everything else dwindles when compared to this. This life is exceedingly short at the longest, but eternity! oh, the eternity that lies beyond this short state of probation! My dear boy, are you preparing for that dread eternity? Do you feel that Jesus is your Friend and will plead your cause before the bar of your offended Judge? Oh, be entreated to look well to this thing! The consequences of a mistake here are tremendous. Oh, seek the Lord with all your heart, and daily pray for grace to guide your youthful footsteps! When you write, tell me your feelings on this subject with the same frankness as of old, for be assured your aunt will never cease to feel a deep interest in your temporal and spiritual state. This church has appointed six o'clock in the morning and six in the evening as a concert of prayer in the closet, and you are remembered by your aunt at these seasons. I do not pray that you may be rich or great (as the world estimates greatness), but I do pray that you may be good and do good in the world, that you may be kept from the snares that beset your path through this world of sin, and that the great Shep-

herd of Israel would carry you as a lamb in his bosom. Now, my dear boy, will you not unite with me at the throne of grace at the hour of six as often as possible? If you are obliged to be at work sometimes when the hour comes, think, "Now my dear aunt has gone to her chamber and she will pray for me," and lift your heart to God and ask him to give me a spirit of prayer, not only for you, but for the world of rebellious sinners, that they may be brought home to God.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

AUNT NANCY was the guardian of the growing boy for ten years, and then, in 1838, he went to live with his uncle, Caleb Gates, on his farm at East Haddam. He went at his uncle's request, accompanied by a promise that he should receive a college education — a promise which was never fulfilled.

Caleb Gates had been a soldier in the War of 1812, and could recollect many incidents of the Revolutionary War told him by his father, who participated in it. He was a hard-working, close-fisted man, who made little money out of his stony farm in Creek Row, but by dint of the strictest economy contrived to save a considerable portion of his earnings; and in this way, so characteristic of New England farmers, he had gathered what was then considered a fair competence. For twenty-six winters he had taught school, and farmed it during the summers; going over the same ground year after year, both as to education and as to culture of the soil. He was not a member of the church, but was strictly honest and upright in his dealings with his fellows. He always attended church services on the Sabbath, but did not attend religious meetings held between



the Sabbaths; such meetings seemed to him a needless interruption of the work of the week. He held that the Sabbaths were for the observance of religious duties, and the week days for work. "Six days shalt thou labour," he was wont to say, as if that were a statement of the whole duty of man. Every Sabbath he would bring forth the family Bible, read a portion of Scripture, and offer prayer; but the book was seldom opened during the week days following the Sabbath. In this same Bible he was accustomed to mark the texts of the sermons which he heard from week to week, and to make note of any unusual events.

His maiden sister Esther lived with him, but she was an invalid, and his cousin Maria kept house for him. Uncle Caleb was fond of talking about self-made men. A self-made man, as he understood it, was one who attained success without any help from others, and he was careful that his nephew's chances of becoming such a man should not be marred by any unnecessary help from him. Still he was fond of his nephew and proud of his ability. The young man recorded his impressions of his uncle in his journal:—

He was, in many respects, a narrow-minded man, but this was owing more to early training, or lack of training, than to any natural deficiency. He had few books, and those were of a severely Calvinistic cast. In the course of his early manhood he was thrown under influences exactly the opposite of those in which he had been trained in youth, namely, Universalistic.



I imagine that he never really believed these tenets, but they shook his faith in the old doctrines of the New England churches so far that he was considered by many a "free thinker."

The influences of this household were quite different from those of the home in Springfield. The home of Uncle Caleb was lacking in the peace and the warm piety of Aunt Nancy's cottage. Uncle Caleb and Cousin Maria had grown somewhat crabbed in their daily intercourse, although they were not lacking in true affection for each other.

During the summer months young Caleb worked on his uncle's farm. His old friend, Mr. Timothy F. Green, thus speaks of that work:—

"The first I remember of him was when he came to live with his uncle, Caleb Gates, in Creek Row. He was a boy of fourteen years. The prospects before him were anything but encouraging. The farm was small and not highly productive; in fact, the only thing in sight was hard work and small pay. Uncle Caleb was a good man, no doubt, but he had no sympathy with a young man who wanted to do something better on the farm than had ever been done before. The old way was good enough for him; but 'young Caleb,' as we then called him, was determined to improve whatever he took hold of; and the work of strong hands, backed by a willing spirit, soon began to show itself on the farm. The barn was

repaired; the stone fences were straightened up; trees were set out. Some people are yet living who can remember the row of quince trees which Caleb F. Gates planted. They grew to be fine bearing trees; but have long since, like the old uncle and aunt, passed away, having finished their work in this life. The general improvement was a subject of remark among the neighbors, and established the young man in public favor."

With much that was hard and cheerless in this life on the farm, there were also gentler and brighter influences. For a few years Caleb Gates enjoyed the companionship and sympathy of his sister Elizabeth, who was still a member of their uncle's household. She afterwards went to Housatonic, Mass., at the earnest entreaty of her most intimate friend, Elizabeth Clark. Upon her marriage to Mr. Albert Whitmore, of Housatonic, she desired Elizabeth Gates to share her new home and be her companion.

Elizabeth was nearly three years older than her brother Caleb, and was a girl of very lovely Christian character. Her sisterly love for him was mingled with a motherly care, even in their childhood. Her affection for her brother and tender solicitude for his welfare are manifested in lines written to him February 23, 1845:—

I love to think of those days of infancy, when we were all in all to each other, when your head rested on my bosom in quiet slumber, and my kiss and caress

were sufficient to heal all the little troubles and many of the big ones ; but you were too young to recollect those days. You do not know how much pleasure your letters afford me now. Remember that I am far from home, far from friends dearly loved, and never greeted by my brother's cheerful voice, and never is a lonely hour divested of its sadness by his smile ; and thus it has ever been. In infancy we were together and loved each other with all the ardor of which our young hearts were capable ; then came separation and its blighting effects. At East Haddam we again enjoyed each other's society long enough to revive the flame, only to be parted again. Oh, what a sweet thought that there will be no parting in heaven — no tears, no sighs, no sounds of discord — all harmony and praise !

Do you not find, my dear brother, that the moment you cease praying you go far astray ? Often when I feel very much perplexed and do not know what to do, memory turns to that sweet interview on the hill. Dear place ! how often do I wish I were there ! Then, as I knelt by your side with naught but the canopy of heaven to o'erspread us and the book of nature open before us — then and there did I feel the soothing influence of prayer. I was strengthened ; my duty seemed plainer, and I felt willing and able to undertake the task of performing it. Ever shall I remember my brother's sympathy and support at that time, and it will bind him still nearer to my heart.

The brother and sister never lived together again, after the separation at East Haddam, until they reached the heavenly home.

In the winter months young Caleb attended the district school. His impressions of that school are recorded in his diary of November 10, 1848:

Confined as I had been under the guardianship of Aunt Nancy, "queen of maids," there was all the luxury a fatted calf feels when turned out to exercise, in running, roaming, studying, skating, and visiting when and where I would. Up to that time I had been under a disciplinary régime, but with the good-by of my aunt I was free. Yes; fourteen and free! Used to an academic thoroughness in everything, the leeway of the district school was fine, and the way I wrote pretty lines for fair maidens on the other side of the schoolroom and sketched hands and hearts for their special consideration was anything but prosperous for me in the science of mathematics. And then those fairy trippings round the old trembling stove to the tune of "Green grow the rushes, oh!" And those short, sharp, electric smacks, which caused such strange vibrations among the nerves of all new beginners — how vividly do I see them all!

Three years later he reviewed the same period as follows: —

At fourteen I went to uncle's, pleased with the idea of release from books and engaging in the training of colts and cattle. Uncle is a peculiar man, and in some points a very small one. He saw I had some talent, and, compared with the boys of the neighborhood, not a little mental advancement; so he concluded that I

would learn enough in a poor district school to answer all my purposes, and there he sent me. From my entrance there I date a retrograde course. I was naturally vain, and my decided superiority to the rest of the school flattered my vanity while it strengthened habits of indolence by rendering it unnecessary for me to make much exertion to keep up with my classes. The winter was fooled away and summer came with its toils, and I struggled through with it after a fashion.

Another winter came, and now thoughts of the future flashed upon my mind, making me ashamed of my neglect in times past. A select school was started. I persuaded my uncle to let me attend, and after many reiterations of his old saws about men becoming men in spite of obstacles if they only had manliness enough within them, he consented. That winter I studied hard and gained somewhat, or rather regained, for at the end of the winter I was actually not much farther advanced in some branches than when I left Mr. Dixon's school in Springfield. The next winter too I studied hard, to Mr. Griswold's satisfaction and my own profit; but on the return of the next winter I took what seemed to me a false step. My desire was to go to Brainard Academy, or some other good school, and get the elements of a thorough education; and then, I thought, I could go on and perfect it by degrees. My uncle decided, on considerations of dollars and cents, that I must teach school, and so be earning something. I protested, declaring that I was no more fit to teach school than a mule, and that I ought to learn more of the rudiments myself first. His will, of course, prevailed, and in Millington, Northeast, I launched my pedagogical bark upon the

troubled sea of a teacher's experience. How many dark hours I passed in that old schoolhouse, with its oaken stools, its cracked stove, its rents and fissures through which the winds and storms kept up a free circulation of air and snow and rain! And then that "boarding round"! How often did my heart sink within me at the thought of exploring some new region and making myself agreeable to some new family! But I lived through it, and taught the second winter in the same place, and the next winter in Deep River, for which I was not at all fitted.

The fourth winter I had learned somewhat in the bitter school of experience, and so accomplished more in my mission as a teacher. But how poorly did these intellectual tasks and the visions of the winter fit me for the wearying toils and dull routine of the farm! I was not contented. I felt that I must be either one thing or the other, that half schoolmaster and half farmer was not the way to do it.

The places in which he taught school were five or six miles distant from his uncle's farm, to which he returned every Saturday afternoon. On Monday morning he would set out early for his school, in order to get there in time to light the fires and sweep out the room before his scholars should arrive. He generally walked this distance, and often when the snow lay deep upon the yet unbroken roads.

During his first term, his sister wrote to him the following cheering letter:—

NEW YORK, December 29, 1842.

*My dear Brother,*—If you are in school, I presume you often go from your schoolroom tired in body and worried in mind, feeling that you would like to be alone and commune with your own heart; and instead of this quiet you are obliged to make yourself sociable and agreeable through a long winter's evening. Perhaps *you* are never thus troubled, but your spirits always keep the same even temperament, let come what will. I wish it might be so with you, but should it be otherwise, remember you have your sister's sympathy, for I know by sad experience how to pity you. But, let me add, some of the happiest hours of my life have been passed in the schoolroom, when left alone at the close of the day, with naught to disturb the quietude. 'Tis then I have sought forgiveness, guidance, and direction from my God, and found sweet consolation in prayer. Oh, how should our hearts be poured out in thankfulness that we, poor guilty worms of the dust, have a Father in heaven that will hear and answer us if we do but seek him aright! And how important it is that we should keep near to God, and constantly strive to hold our hearts in subjection to our Maker!

ELIZABETH.

He began to teach in 1841, when he was seventeen years old. There is still in existence the certificate given him by Mr. Octavius Emmons, his last teacher in East Haddam. It reads as follows:—

This certifies that Caleb F. Gates is a young man of good moral character and industrious habits. He has



attended my school during the past winter. His diligence and close application to his studies merit much praise, and I can cheerfully recommend him as well qualified to teach a common district school, and think he may profitably be employed in that business.

To this was appended the high-sounding certificate of the Visiting Committee: —

Having a desire to encourage the youth of the rising generation in the pursuit of Learning, Virtue, and Good Morals, and considering Encouragement the life of Action, and a Good Name rather to be chosen than Great Wealth, and having knowledge of the facts stated by Mr. Emmons, we most cheerfully give our assent to the above statement made by his instructor.

In the spring following his first term of teaching, he received a letter from his sister from which something may be inferred as to his success in teaching and in laboring for the conversion of his scholars: —

*Dear Brother,* — I can rejoice with you in the blessing the Lord has poured out upon your school the past winter. What a consolation to see those under our care walking in the ways of the Lord and choosing the pearl of great price in the days of their youth! I trust you will continue faithful, looking to God for direction and strength. A teacher's situation is truly a responsible one, if we view it as we should. We ought always to bear in mind that those under our charge have immortal souls, and that we must one day give an account for the manner in which we have



labored for their salvation. Oh, that we may ever walk in Wisdom's ways, and be enabled to teach her precepts to all who may feel our influence !

ELIZABETH.

A little later she wrote again : —

I feel truly glad for your success in teaching the past season. In every situation we must not forget to ascribe the glory and honor to our heavenly Father, remembering that of ourselves we are nothing ; and unless we are continually supplied with grace and upheld by the wisdom of God, we shall fail, however sure we may feel in our own strength. I feel that it is a great work to live the life of a Christian, to take up the cross daily, and to so live that men may take knowledge of me that I have been with Christ : but it is my earnest prayer that I may be guarded and guided and kept from all evil, seen and unseen, and may you, likewise, my dear brother.

Mr. Gates' life in East Haddam was marked by two events which had much to do with the shaping of his life. It was there that he became engaged and that he united with the church.

Just when his friendly interest in Mary Eliza Hutchins ripened into love and was avowed in a betrothal we cannot say ; it is a question whether the awakening that took place in the mind of the schoolboy, and the thoughts of the future which spurred him to more diligent application, were not the result of a kindling affection for a little maiden who was the best scholar in the school.

However that may be, when Caleb F. Gates left East Haddam there was a very good understanding between him and the maiden of his choice, and the desire for a home was one of the motives which was prompting him to seek to win his way in the world.

The love of these two for each other was strengthened and purified by their mutual love for Christ, which was manifested in open profession at about the same time. The foundations of Mr. Gates' Christian character were doubtless laid under the instructions of his Aunt Nancy, while he was living with her in Springfield. The seed sown at that time slowly ripened into convictions which led him to make open profession of his faith in Christ by uniting with the church July 4, 1841, in company with his sister Elizabeth and twenty-three others. Mary Eliza Hutchins had united with the church at the previous communion. This ingathering was the result of a series of revival meetings. In the old family Bible, Uncle Caleb marked the text of the discourse delivered on that occasion by the pastor, Rev. Isaac Parsons: "Our heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from thy way" (Ps. 44: 18). And Elizabeth Gates thus recalls that event in a letter written to her brother seven years later:

East Haddam is not the pleasantest place in the world, but 't is still home to me, and ever will be. I have the recollections of childhood to endear that

place to me, which you have not ; but there are some ties which we both have in unison. Our uncle we both love and respect ; the dependence and obligation rest more upon myself than upon you. It was in that place that we stood side by side and took upon us the vows of Christ's visible Church. How sacredly those vows have been kept our heavenly Father alone knows — mine but imperfectly. Were I judged according to my works, there would be no hope for me. There, too, is the grave of our father — there will he sleep until the resurrection morn ; but where shall we be, and what shall be the meeting between the members of our family ? Will it be still a divided family ? O Father, grant it otherwise !

When he began to teach school, Caleb Gates carried with him the Christian principles he had thus openly professed ; and in after years he often looked back on that period of his life with great pleasure because of the scholars who found Christ through his labors for them.

In this Christian work he was remembered and aided by the same good woman who had watched over him in his boyhood. His Aunt Nancy still watched over him and counseled him while he was teaching school. She wrote : —

I do rejoice that you feel your need of assistance to enable you to discharge your duty in a manner that will be acceptable both to God and to your employers. You may be assured that you are not forgotten by your aunt at the throne of grace. And, Caleb, I have felt too deeply the responsibilities of a teacher, even of a

small school, not to pray for one in whose success and usefulness I feel the deepest interest. Continue to look to God for aid, and ever cultivate a deep sense of your dependence on him. We are told that it is the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich, and it is equally true that it is his blessing which makes useful and happy. I have often thought that young people were generally disposed to undervalue their influence. Now the truth is we do exert a powerful influence on the community in which we live, whether we will or not; how important, then, that we bring our influence to bear on the right side! I once heard the remark that our influence, so far as it went, was to make others just like ourselves. What a powerful motive to effort to be what we should be!

I wish you to cultivate a deep sense of the value of time; try to improve every moment to some good purpose. Read your Bible much. I believe it is a great fault common to most young people of the present day, even to those who are pious, that they neglect their Bibles too much. In forming a consistent Christian character, there is no book like the Bible. It gives me great pleasure to see that you appreciate my feeble efforts to instruct you in the good way when you were young. Believe me, my dear boy, many are the hours of tender anxiety I have had for you, and yet since you have been away from me I have often had an almost overwhelming sense of my failure in the full discharge of my duty towards you. I hope you will profit by the little I did, and forgive me what I neglected to do. I hope you will make great effort to be spiritually minded. Set your standard high, and feel that, with the help of God, you can make great attainments in piety and usefulness.

As I have often told you before, so I tell you again, *Always act from principle.* Never, from the impulse of feeling, do what your best judgment does not approve. Being wildly led by the passions has been the ruin of thousands of young men. Therefore I beg you will be on your guard; when contemplating any particular course of conduct ask yourself, not whether it will be popular, not whether it will be for your worldly interest or emolument, but, Is it right? Will God approve it? I have never prayed that you might make a great display in the world, but I have prayed hundreds of times that you might be a consistent Christian, a man of integrity and uprightness, one whose influence might be for good in the church and community; and so I will continue to pray, the grace of God helping me, and I hope I may not be disappointed.

Those who knew Mr. Gates in the last years of his life, and in the ripeness of his Christian character, will read these words with almost a sense of awe, as if standing in the presence of one who has wrestled with God and prevailed, so exactly does her prayer seem to mirror the character afterwards achieved by him for whom she prayed. A lonely woman, in a quiet little town, by her prayers is molding the lives of many whom she never knew; and we see her counsels embodied in the character of the boy who was committed to her faithful keeping.

## CHAPTER III.

### STARTING OUT IN LIFE.

SO long as he was in his minority, Caleb Gates served his uncle faithfully, considering that he was under obligation to do so; but as soon as he attained his majority he felt that it was equally his duty to seek larger opportunities for his own advancement and usefulness. Mr. Green says of this period:—

Then another move must be made. The boy had attained his majority and must strike out for himself. The old uncle thought that the farm would give him a living, and that it was dangerous to venture into untried paths, but the boy knew that something must be done. There were a mother and a sister looking to him for a future home and support, and he could not see how the old farm would do it; and then, he was not content to spend his life as a mere Creek Row farmer. He had begun to buy books, and had acquired a taste for reading and study. Something must be done! Saturday night, after he had come home from this half-day school, generally found him at the old brick store, and there in the countingroom the question of what to do was often talked over and fully discussed. He had what Andrew Carnegie, the rich iron king, calls the three requisites for success, namely, “pluck, perseverance, and poverty.” He had

them all, and the result was just exactly as Carnegie said.

He left the farm April 1, 1846, and went to Middletown by boat. He arrived there early in the morning with only a small sum of money in his pocket, knowing no one to whom he could turn for assistance. As soon as the stores were opened he went from one to another asking for employment. At last he obtained a situation in the dry goods store of Griswold & Smith. He was to receive \$200 per year, with permission to sleep in the store. These terms having been agreed upon, he went back to East Haddam, obtained his trunk, brought it from the boat to the store on his shoulder, and entered at once upon the duties of his new employment.

In accepting this offer, with the small salary attached to it, he was only acting upon principles which in after years he commended to a friend who was not willing to accept any situation unless it brought him the compensation which he thought he deserved for his services. "Now, my friend," wrote Mr. Gates, "I feel that you have greatly erred. I should have taken anything that would have given me a bare living, and then, once at work, I should have been proving to those around me that I was not only not ashamed of work, but was able to do more than was required of me. You want right off what time alone can bring. I worked five years for less than \$500 when I knew



that I was worth more ; but I would have worked for \$200 rather than be out of employment for a day."

In his journal Mr. Gates recorded his thoughts as he looked back upon his start in life : —

It is no small thing for a young man to launch his untried bark upon the ocean of life, with no knowledge of the shoals and rocks, and but a few shillings venture money ! It may seem quite romantic when we read of it or hear of it, or when we look at it from a distance ; but when you come to the real *bona fide* voyage the azure hues depart. The rich may read and laud the winners, but the thousands that go down ! Who sings their ruin or drops a single tear ?

He wrote again on this theme November 28, 1852, soon after coming to New Haven : —

I have been perusing a little Sabbath-school book entitled "Frank Harper ; or, The Country Boy in Town," and it has not only brought up vividly before me some sad days in my own experience, and the trials to which I was exposed during the first years of my semi-city life, — those hours of great loneliness, when amid strangers I was sometimes sorely tempted, — but it has also set me to thinking of the situation of thousands of young men at this present moment. There are many young men in this city, following the various pursuits of life, who are as destitute of profitable acquaintances as I was, and who are tempted every day more mightily than I was. Some of these young men come from pious families in the country,



where they have been used to hear the voice of prayer morning and evening, and have been regular attendants upon the worship of the sanctuary and students of the Word of God. They have brothers and sisters at home amid whose endearments the days of childhood and youth have passed quickly and joyously. They have been accustomed to sympathy, and have never known the want of a listening ear or words of comfort in their griefs and trials; but now, how changed their lot! They are thrown into a boarding house, among hardened sinners, it may be, or careless triflers, or, perhaps, youths like themselves, in all but the keen regrets at loss of home influences, which in them have been dulled by time and new pursuits.

The experiences of those days gave him a very tender sympathy with young men placed in similar circumstances, and he was always glad of an opportunity to help them.

In his new situation, it was his duty to take down the shutters in the morning, light the fires, and sweep out the store. In order to find time for study he was accustomed to rise at four o'clock and do his work; then he would sit down with his books until the business of the day opened. Now there was a merchant in Middletown — Mr. Atkins — who prided himself on having his store open before any one else on the street. Soon after Caleb Gates began his service with Griswold & Smith, Mr. Atkins noticed that their store was open before his own, and he took note of the fact that they had a new clerk; but he said to him-

self, "A new broom sweeps clean," and waited, expecting to see a falling off in promptness as time passed by. In this he was disappointed; Griswold & Smith's store was still opened early every morning as regularly as clockwork. The new clerk, all unconscious that he was being watched, applied himself to his work and was growing steadily in the estimation of new friends and acquaintances, whom he met in different places where business took him; while his employers were learning to esteem him for his kind and gentlemanly manner and his faithful service.

He had been in Middletown about a year when the directors of the old Middletown bank held a meeting, as usual, but with an unusual matter to talk about. The theme was stated in the form of a question:—

"Who knows of a young man whom he can recommend for the position of bookkeeper and teller?"

Mr. Atkins was one of the directors of this bank and one of the oldest merchants in the town. He said that he knew a young man whom he would recommend.

"Who is he?" was the first question.

"A young man by the name of Gates," was the reply.

"What do you know about him?"

"I know that my store used to be the first one in the street to be opened in the morning, but now when I come down the street I find that Gates has

his employer's store opened and swept. I never see him coming out of saloons or wasting his money smoking cigars, as most young men do, and I see him at church and Sunday-school every Sabbath; therefore I recommend Mr. Gates."

Mr. Gleason, the cashier, said that he knew that what Mr. Atkins had said was true, and the directors decided to offer the situation to Mr. Gates; but to their surprise the young clerk declined it. He said: "I know nothing of book-keeping."

"Never mind," said Mr. Atkins; "you can learn."

"But," said the clerk, "I have agreed to stay with my employers for one year, and it would not be right for me to leave them before the expiration of that period."

"I offer you a higher salary," said the astonished merchant.

But Mr. Gates' ideas of honor were very strict, and he would not even ask his employers to release him from his agreement. Mr. Atkins, however, was determined not to lose this opportunity for securing an employé who could be so faithful to his employer's interests; so he himself went to Griswold & Smith and stated the case to them, whereupon they summoned Mr. Gates and told him that he had better not lose this opportunity for bettering himself, as their own business was small and did not present opportunities to rise. So Mr. Gates became teller in the Middletown

bank, and was afterwards advanced to the position of bookkeeper. From that time he never again sought a situation; the situations sought him.

On the first of March, 1848, he summed up in his journal the results of the venture he had made in leaving the farm:—

I have this morning started square with the world in money matters, owing no man anything save goodwill, with \$3.52 in my pocket, good claims to the amount of \$6.16, and doubtful claims to the amount of \$2; wardrobe, \$60; library, \$50; making in all, \$121.68, at low estimates. Then I have a good name, worth at least the amount of my bond, \$2,000, which gives me the pretty sum of \$2,121.68. Now if that is not doing a fair business for such a blunderhead as I, then I am no judge. One year and eleven months ago I launched my bark upon the troubled sea of life, without money or friends, among strangers and in business of which I was as ignorant as Crusoe's man Friday; with but one decent change of raiment to my back. Bending all my energies to the work of rising in the world, not swiftly, but slowly and surely, I gained the confidence of my employers and the public before the first year was gone. Here again, in a new place and a new business, I had to establish a new name, and, thanks be to God! I have in a measure done it, so that now I feel strong and full of hope. Notwithstanding many dark hours and numerous discouragements, I have steadily advanced in worldly store, in the number and worth of friends, and in useful knowledge of books and men. So long as blessed with health I am sure of a competence here, and shall therefore let the future take care of itself.

He soon found a pleasant boarding place and home in the family of Mr. Charles Newton, whose kindly interest and thoughtfulness for him find frequent mention in his journal.

The five years spent in Middletown were eventful ones to Mr. Gates in the formation of his character. It was a time of mental awakening and invigoration. He formed friendships with young men of kindred spirits — Jonathan Barnes, John Summers, and others. In their walks they talked over the books they were reading, and when absent one from another their letters were full of discussions of poets, politics, history, events of the day in their own country and in foreign lands. In his journal, Mr. Gates mentions the names of thirty-one books which he read during his stay in Middletown, all of them standard works, and his friend, H. W. Barnes, declares the secret of his success in this direction in a letter written to him: "I know that you make it a practice to read at least a little every day, and we are undoubtedly of the same opinion, that a vast amount of information is obtained by thus husbanding time." The love of good reading clung to him through life, and he became a wide reader, but one who only cared for the best books.

Mr. Gates became a member of the Middletown Lyceum, May 21, 1846, about two months after his arrival in that city, and he trained himself to take part in its discussions.

He also attended the singing-school, and found

both pleasure and profit in its sessions, where he came in contact with the young people of the town. One of his friends in a letter to him, written at this period, thus enthusiastically eulogized the singing-school of that day: "I said I had been to singing-school. Ah, yes; and what a place for enjoyment! If I were endowed from on high with the power of trying to make the world happy, and could do as I thought best to effect that object, I believe I should make the whole world one vast singing-school and myself the master."

Soon after coming to Middletown, he formed the habit of recording his daily experiences and reflections in a journal. Three of these journals cover the years 1848 to 1851. The entries were very full and detailed at first, but became more fragmentary toward the latter part of this period. His journal gave him free scope to utter the thoughts and fancies that crowded his active mind, and at the same time it was a means by which he trained himself in the art of expressing his thoughts. Oftentimes the record is full of fanciful similes and metaphors. At first, not a month closed without a parting address to it, and each new month was hailed with apostrophes, descriptions, and meditations. Often he resorted to verse to express his fancies. But he was growing fast, though himself unconscious of the fact. From year to year his style became ever more chaste and forcible, his spirit less perturbed and

more peaceful. His journal was his academy in which he was schooling himself. It covers the period when the boy was rapidly becoming a thoughtful, earnest man, and it was one of the instrumentalities by which his thoughtfulness and habits of observation were developed and trained.

His love of nature is often revealed in such records as the following:—

*August 7, 1846.*—There is a continual freshness in the country prospect that no city view can give. Long, winding alleys, with their rotten, tottering tenements and squalid populations, or even the broad, well-paved street, with its stately mansions becomes dull and destitute of beauty when contrasted with the green hills, dark forests, and cool valleys which surround our country villages.

He had a sensitive, poetic nature, over which the very changes of the weather cast their lights and shadows.

*August 10, 1846.*—To-day is one of those regular-built, drowsy, sleepy, drizzling days, than which I had rather see almost anything in the shape of atmospheric changes.

*August 12.*—Never did man enjoy a more beautiful morning than this. There is not a cloud to hide the freshness of the blue arch above, or even a hovering mist to dim the vision while scanning earth beneath. The sun, all glorious, is just now ascending his golden throne, while, one by one, the queen of night's fair nymphs are dropping off to sleep. On such a morning



as this how the spirit pines and pants for the richness of country scenery! How we desire to turn our eyes from brick and mortar to the green fields of childhood, the purling brooks and stately groves in which we had full many a frolic! How foolish men are to be willing to forego all the peaceful bliss and quiet enjoyment of a country life for the noise, bustle, and confusion, the care, anxiety, and toil incident to a city life!

*April 7.*—A bright and glorious morning. Not a cloud veils from view the light of heaven. All is calm and still, as if nature were waiting with great anxiety the coming of some great event or messenger. And so it is; that mellow light that streams up the eastern sky and now grows golden and now fiery red proclaims that the king of day is near at hand. He comes, fresh risen from his chambers in the east, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. How glad-some seem those first warm, golden beams he throws aslant our western world! First the mountain tops catch and hold the golden light, and finally the dark shadows disappear from e'en the lowly vale.

His mother cheered and encouraged him in his struggle for a place and competence. She wrote to him the year he went to Middletown:—

I rejoice to hear that you have chosen the people of God for your friends; continue to do so, and I shall not fear for your prosperity. Your situation is as good as I expected and even better. I beg of you not to be too much depressed about your poverty. If we have food and raiment, let us be content. Look forward! There is nothing which a truly brave and per-



severing young man may not accomplish. He pushes ahead until his designs are achieved. The history of all noted men shows that it was energy and perseverance that made them distinguished above their fellow men. The reason why so many turn out badly is their lack of courage and their fear of the world. What has an honest man, or a man of virtue to fear? All are but shadows that look dark before you, and these vanish before the light of truth and generous ambition. I do not wish you, my dear son, to belong to that class of men who care nothing about the politics of the day. I do not mean that I wish you to become a public disputant, to contend with every man you meet who happens not to think as you do; but I wish you to study well the laws of your country, and make yourself familiar with every article of our Constitution. It was formed by wiser and better men than any we have now. If you found your political creed on that, I do not fear that you will be in the wrong. I had rather see you with the minority than going with the multitude to do evil. You need not fear that the subject of politics will be uninteresting to me. I think that every woman ought to know enough of politics to guide her sons and friends.

I rejoice to hear that you keep the Sabbath strictly. Never let the love of money induce you to occupy a situation where you cannot thus keep the Sabbath. God will not bless you except in the performance of duty.

I am very happy to hear you say that you owe no one and live within your income. Ever retain that principle. I consider a man independent that owes nothing; it is the ruin of many that they contract debts without knowing how they shall be able to cancel them.

## CHAPTER IV.

### EXERCISING HIMSELF UNTO GODLINESS.

AS has already been stated, Mr. Gates united on confession of his faith, July 4, 1841, with the Congregational Church of East Haddam, under the pastoral care of Rev. Isaac Parsons. When he went to Middletown he lost no time in uniting with the South Congregational Church of that place. Rev. Andrew L. Stone was then pastor. A few years later he was called to the Park Street Church of Boston. Mr. Gates made his journal minister to his spiritual as well as his mental development. He trained himself in the art of listening to public discourses and remembering them. From week to week he wrote out at home what he could remember of the sermons which he had heard in church. Sometimes several days passed by before he committed these notes to writing, but they were often so full it seemed as if the sermon must have been largely reproduced in them. In this way he acquired the habit and power of treasuring up in memory the addresses to which he listened. In later years he could always give a full résumé of any discourse which he had heard recently, and remembered many which he had heard years before.

Mr. Stone's sermons are regularly reported in his journal, often with a few words of appreciative comment or self-application, but never with words of criticism.

Mr. Gates loved the Sabbath day, and was seldom absent from church services. This love for the Sabbath finds frequent expression in his journal. He was never willing to sleep late on Sabbath mornings. He says of this habit:—

There is perhaps no practice more universally prevalent in regard to keeping the Sabbath than that of sleeping late in the morning; and yet I am sure, from my own experience, that it is most fatal in its effects upon spiritual life; in fact, that such a commencement of the holy hours surely leads to leanness and an unprofitable conclusion. If we hired a man to labor for us, we should by no means be content with a day beginning at nine o'clock, and it seems to me that it is just as much robbery of God to spend three or four hours of his day in sleeping.

Often Monday morning opened with a record like the following:—

*August 17, 1846.*—The oasis of the Sabbath is passed, and once more I must wind my way through the desert of care and toil. Wilt thou keep me, O Lord God of Sabaoth, through the hours of this week, and guide me in the path of duty! Let me so live that the world shall be compelled to acknowledge that I am actuated by right principles!

The same love for the Sabbath inspired the record written on Sabbath evening, December 17, 1848 : —

The evening shades steal on apace, the sable clouds of night are shrouding half the globe, and all in nature without and my heart within is hushed and tranquil. I have been meditating on the communion of God with his people ; and, as my thoughts winged their upward flight through the starry worlds and ever-circling systems of space, into the very presence chamber of the infinite One, my soul breathed freer and fuller than for a long time past. How much we lose of this blessed communion with God by our sins in departing from the path of duty and allowing the world to occupy so much of our time ! And how slow is our advancement in the divine life, compared with what it might be, did we but live up to our privileges !

A little later (January 7, 1849) he wrote : —

Again does the silence of the Sabbath evening prevail, hushing all the boisterous mirth and even saddening the thoughts which in the bright glare of day rioted so wildly in pleasures and pastimes forbidden. I can never sit down at such a time without much thoughtfulness. There is something in the hour which awakens all that is noble and good in the mere worldling, if he be not too hardened, and certainly to the real Christian — to him who has feasted on the treasures of the gospel during the hours of holy time now past — there ought to be an exquisite interest and delight in the calm twilight season. It is a most fitting time

for self-examination and the review of our lives, for repentance and prayer, and for making new resolutions as to our future walk and conversation in the name of Him who ever liveth to plead our cause. I greatly fear that with many of our churchgoers there is a sad neglect of these duties. We are prone to take up with forms without the power, with outward service of the lips unaccompanied by that spiritual fervor of the heart which alone in God's sight constitutes worship; with a mere attendance upon public ordinances instead of practical self-application and appropriation. Such services will be of none effect unless we, in the silence and solitude of our closets, bring home all these truths to our hearts and, by the aid of the sealing Spirit, engrave them upon their tablets.

Often he confessed to his journal that he had not attained the high purposes towards which he was ever striving:—

*August 21, 1846.*—Weather dull, trade duller, and myself the dullest of all.

“ Oh, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!”

How strange that our affections cleave so close to earth when heaven alone ought to be the center of our plans and expectations! We have had two days of quite stormy weather, rendering trade exceedingly dull. How proper at such a time is self-examination and a thorough review of past life, and yet how few practice it!

“Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land!”

*August 23, 1846.* — I have to-day attended church as usual, but to what spiritual profit I cannot say. It is with shame and sorrow that I confess my coldness and stupor in spiritual things. I do not enjoy the presence of God as when first I breathed the prayer of repentance and faith. My wanderings I can trace to one first departure from the duty of secret prayer. O God, guide me again, I pray thee, to the path of duty, and let the light of thy reconciling countenance shine upon me!

At the close of a month he thus examined himself: —

What have I done during the month now closing? what victory over easily besetting sins? what strength in the Christian warfare? what clearer views of the character of God and of his moral government over man? What have I done to alleviate human suffering, to help on the great cause of human progress, and the greater, holier cause of pure and undefiled religion. What have I done for the development of my own moral and intellectual character? How have I performed my duties to myself, my fellow men, and to God, my Creator? I must answer these questions truthfully and strive in the next month to do better.

The communion season brought him peculiar heart searchings: —

*Sabbath, July 9, 1848.* — This has been the communion season, and I would that I could record in my

journal some great triumph over easily besetting sins, some signal victories over the carnal law ruling in my members, some increase of spiritual knowledge, some growth in grace — but alas ! I tremble for the result of all these privileges upon my soul ; I tremble lest they should meet me at the last only to frown upon me and condemn me.

One of the later records shows a more peaceful spirit : —

*April 6, 1850.* — My religious experience for the week has been, on the whole, rather more encouraging. I have enjoyed some precious seasons of secret communion with God, and have not been so cast down in spirit as during several preceding weeks. Yet I have much to mourn over and repent of, concerning which to make new resolutions for the future. At times I greatly fear that I have no genuine piety at heart. Self and self-seeking is the law of action within me rather than Christ and his glory and the advancement of his cause. I want depth of feeling — that positiveness and earnestness which is the result of a complete transformation from darkness to light, from death to life, from sin to holiness. This, O God, give unto thy servant, and let me live to thee alone !

Although he longed for more of the spiritual affections and emotions, yet he did not trust to these ; indeed he charges himself with erring in the direction of too much emotion : —

*December 24, 1850.* — I am aware of a great defect



in my character, namely, too much sensitiveness, too much mere feeling, easily elated and easily cast down.

He was not one who could be content with any merely formal performance of religious duties, but was urgent in demanding of himself that the spirit keep pace with the lips in worship : —

*Sabbath, November 19, 1850.* — Again have I been permitted to join the worshiping assembly in the house of our God. My voice has mingled with the voices of others in songs of praise ; my ears have heard the truths of the gospel from the living preacher ; and I hope my heart has gone up in pure and fervent desire with the prayers of the assembled multitudes. But if it be otherwise, if all this outward performance of duty on my part is simply soulless, wanting that spirit of truth which is the essence of accepted prayer, better, far better will it be for Korah and his company, for Sodom and Gomorrah, and all the human race drowned in the flood, than for me in that great day, when the Judge of the quick and the dead shall appear in power and glory to render unto every one according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil. I know and feel how transcendently important this question is, and I would to God I might say with holy boldness : “ In God have I put my trust ; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.” But alas ! I am so unfaithful, so slothful in the service of my Master, that I walk in darkness. O God, forgive my sins and grant me the aid of thy Holy Spirit to guide and direct my steps !



A few months later he recorded a protest against merely formal worship : —

I have heard six songs of praise, two sermons, five prayers, and two benedictions to-day ; and I am going this evening to hear some more. What a round of formalism do we pursue ! How faithfully we serve Mammon all the week and do penance Sundays, hoping thereby to get to heaven, and delight forever in what is now so irksome to us !

Soon after coming to Middletown, Mr. Gates identified himself very actively with the work of the church, took a class in the Sabbath-school, and was chosen first secretary and then superintendent of the school. He recorded his idea of the responsibilities of a Sabbath-school teacher : —

If I understand rightly the teacher's duty, it is, in relation to the scholars of his class, similar to the relation which the pastor bears to his church. He should come to them as richly furnished as may be with wisdom temporal and spiritual, and should in all things throw upon the side of his precepts the whole moral weight of a good example. If he admonish his pupils to be regular in their attendance upon the Sabbath-school, and then for a small thing stays away himself, what avails his counsel ? Will not those scholars be well armed with excuses from his example whenever they may have occasion to be absent ?

While laboring in the Sabbath-school of his own church, he also found time to teach a class in a

school for colored people, called Zion's Sabbath-school, which held its sessions at noon. Of this class he writes, in June, 1848: —

After church I spent an hour with my class of Africans very pleasantly. It is composed of four young ladies and one quite elderly woman who is rather ignorant. The manner of teaching is to have the class read in rotation two verses each from some of the Gospels, and then I make running comments on the same. Whether my instruction is profitable to them or not, I find many benefits resulting from it to my own self. . . . When I see the ignorance of some of my class concerning the great things which make for eternal life, I am led to rejoice in the more full and glorious knowledge with which I have been favored, and to return devout thanks to God for all his benefits. Surely ours is a goodly heritage, and the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places!

During the latter part of his stay in Middletown, Mr. Gates was burdened with cares. His salary was small, and he was carrying the burdens of others. His mother was dependent upon him for a part of her support, and he aided other relatives. The officers of the Middletown bank had promised to promote him, but they were slow in fulfilling their promises. In order to provide for his mother, he undertook to keep the books of a merchant, Mr. W. A. Camp. After the day's work at the bank was over, he would go to Mr. Camp's store and write up his books. He was

overworked and somewhat discouraged, and the entries in his diary show it:—

*December 1, 1849.* — Well, the day has gone, the month too — the dull, dreadful month of November. During its passing I have not registered many thoughts — in fact I have not had many thoughts. My days have been devoted to stocks, ledgers, and bills, and my evenings to posting books for W. A. C. 'Tis a dog's life, and I hate it. No time for cool, untroubled thought, no time for social intercourse, none for meditation. Work, work, work! My companions in the store are what the world terms "moral men," but in truth they are far otherwise. They take the name of their Creator in vain and discourse fluently upon subjects unfit for an immortal's consideration. Now what will be the result of this intercourse? Am I to be assimilated to them, or are they to perceive in me a light not in their own souls?

A week later he recorded a conversation with a young man on whom he had called for the purpose of persuading him to become a Christian. He was thus unconsciously answering his own question, and a later record near the end of the month shows that his longing for spiritual blessings remained unquenched:—

The storm is pleasant to me, for it brings me a leisure hour, and that I prize as a thing most precious. My soul thirsts and my mind hungers for other drink and meat than can be found in accounts current, sales of stock, or items of profit and loss. This world of

the actual, physical, material is good, all good in its place ; but there is another world, another life towards which this continually points, for which this is but preparatory. I am prone to forget it ; often I strive to forget it, but in vain. I am forced to believe it, remember it, and act upon the great truth. My hope is that, by God's grace assisting me, I may yearly gain something more of heavenly knowledge and lose at least a little of the love of earth.

In addition to the financial burdens he was bearing, there were others brought upon him by his keen sympathy with those he loved. His sister Elizabeth became engaged to an Episcopal clergyman. She agreed to join with her lover in worshipping God according to the rules of his church and he was satisfied with this ; but later he came under the influence of Bishop C——, of Ohio, an ardent churchman, and his own views underwent such a change that he endeavored to persuade his betrothed to acknowledge that none could be saved through any other medium than that of the Episcopal Church. She refused to assent to this, and after many painful interviews and long-continued expostulations with her, he deserted her, breaking the engagement. She was almost heart-broken. Her affections clung to her lover, even while her sense of honesty and better judgment dissented from his views and refused his demands. She was sick for nearly three years, the symptoms of consumption appeared, and she finally died of that disease.

Her brother shared her sufferings and lightened them by his tender sympathy, stilling as best he could his indignation at her lover's course.

All these trials were refining his character, which grew ever sweeter and truer. Traces of this refinement through service and suffering appear in his journal:—

*February 24, 1850.*—At noon I spent an hour with my class most delightfully, never more so that I can remember. The theme was the translation of Elijah and the resurrection of the dead. My soul was full and the running waters gushed forth freely. God in great mercy bless the truth to their salvation and sanctification!

*April 6, 1850.*—For two or three days my attention has been turned to the beautiful adaptation of various plants and animals to the climes which they inhabit. How wonderful is all this, and how plainly it speaks of a great design on the part of Him who, by the word of his power, spoke it into being and action!

## CHAPTER V.

### NEW SCENES.

CHANGE of place often works injury to the Christian life, just as transplanting causes the plant to wither which fails to take root in the new soil. But it was not so with Mr. Gates. His Christian life was no exotic which could not bear transplantation, but a rugged plant which found a home in any soil.

In 1851 he was married to Mary Eliza Hutchins, of East Haddam, whom he had known and loved for a long time. Ever since his coming to Middletown, he had been looking forward to this event and striving to lay up money in order to hasten its consummation. The ordinary course of his life had been broken by occasional visits to East Haddam, from one of which he returned on foot, a distance of fifteen miles. The influence of his betrothed had already been exercised in the direction of his best interests. At her request he abandoned the use of tobacco, a habit which he had formed in Middletown, and signed a pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, because she was fearful that he would be exposed to temptation, through the influences surrounding him in the company of militia of which he had been appointed major.

The wedding took place at East Haddam, in the house of the bride's father, Deacon Jeremiah Hutchins, Wednesday morning, May 7, 1851, at half-past ten o'clock, and they began their wedded life in Middletown, in the family of Mr. Newton, where Mr. Gates had already boarded for several years.

The Hutchins family was also among the early settlers of the American colonies. Deacon Hutchins traced his ancestry back to Nicholas Hutchins, who came over from England in the reign of Charles II, about the year 1670, and settled in Lynn, Mass.; and his wife, Lucretia Spalding, claimed descent from a large and respectable family founded in America by Edward Spalding, who died February 26, 1670. In 1834, nine of his name had graduated from Yale College, two from Harvard, and eighteen from other New England colleges.

Mr. Gates' salary was small, but by careful management they succeeded in laying by something every year. He often commended the thrift and prudence of his wife to their children as an example worthy of their imitation. In 1884 he wrote to one of them:—

When I look back, I cannot be thankful enough that God gave me such a wife. We married on a salary of \$600 a year, but never ran into debt, and in all the years of struggle and disappointment she made every dollar go further than most women, doing her own work quietly and lovingly in New Haven, and the



sewing for all you children in Chicago. We all owe a great deal to your dear mother.

In his thought the poet was right when he said :

It shall be felt that she whose care  
The lamp of thrift makes burn,  
Can take with him an equal share  
Of all their lives may earn.

After his marriage his journal received less attention ; in the fall of that year he noted this fact with the following characteristic comment : —

How far apart the datings in this once well-kept journal ! Sometimes I philosophize in this wise : “ Diaries and sketch-books will do very well for old bachelors, on whose hands time hangs heavy ; but for married men, keeping journals is idle, very idle business. Indeed it is for the want of wives with whom to talk over matters that we sit down and write about them in diaries.”

November 1, 1851, Mr. Gates accepted the offer of a situation as bookkeeper in the City Bank of New Haven, tendered him by the directors, who were seeking a suitable person for that place. He removed to New Haven, but the change of place made no change in his Christian activity, nor did he seek rest from service even for a time. Before the close of the month he had taken a class in the Sabbath-school of the Center Church of New Haven, and he soon united with that church, which was then under the pastoral care of Dr. Bacon. His Christian life was still his chief interest and concern. Dr. Bacon's sermons find place



regularly in his journal, and he was careful to maintain a strict watch over his spiritual life, as the following entry shows: —

*Sabbath, December 14, 1851.* — To-day has passed, as so many before it, without any very remarkable state of feeling on my part as to the great themes of salvation in which I have in fact so fearful an interest, although it moves me so little. This morning was sadly wasted in bed, and of course there was no time to review the Sabbath-school lesson and become imbued with the spirit of it; so that exercise flagged in interest and profited neither me nor the class, as it ought to have done. The sin of the sluggard is a great one, and I do not wonder that the wise man waxed warm as he sang of his folly.

The closing months of that year were darkened by the shadow of affliction in the death of his only sister. He writes, December 28, 1851: —

At this time sad thoughts claim possession of my mind, for my sister Elizabeth lies dangerously ill of that fatal disease, consumption. Perhaps she may have already taken her flight from scenes of time and entered upon those of an eternal nature. For many days she has been waiting for her Lord's coming, ready and anxious to be at rest. She is happy and full of peace and joy, feeling assured that it will be well with her, and that to depart and be with Christ is far better than to remain here in the bondage of sin. Her life has been one of many sorrows, but I trust that she will soon enter upon those joys that know no alloy and never dim. Oh, that I may so live that

when my turn comes I too may go in peace, having the blessed promises for my support !

*January 18.* — After much severe suffering, she expired on the night of Tuesday, the sixth instant, and one week ago to-day we buried her remains in the little cemetery of Housatonic. Her death was accompanied by evidences of sincere piety and an unshaken trust in Christ, her Saviour and her All. Her mind retained its clearness and force to the end, and she signified her peace and joy by a pressure of the hand at the last.

In 1852, Mr. Gates and his wife began to keep house and greatly enjoyed their own home. That same year their first child was born, a daughter, who received the name of Sarah Elizabeth, her second name commemorating the sainted sister who had so recently passed away, while her first name was given in memory of her mother's sister who died a few months after the marriage of her parents. Soon after the birth of this little girl, the mother went to East Haddam for a visit to her father's family, taking her babe with her ; then the neglected journal began to receive attention again, and often it was called to be the confidant of the fond father as he voiced his affection for his wife and child.

About this time he was enabled to realize a long-cherished wish and offer to his mother the refuge of his home.

In December, 1852, the directors of the Middletown Bank gave him an invitation to succeed Mr. Gleason as cashier of that bank, at a salary of

\$1,000. The directors of the City Bank of New Haven at once increased his salary to the same figure and he declined the call to Middletown. At first thought he had been ready to accept it. His affections drew him toward Middletown, where he had many dear friends. This call seemed to him the pledge of his reunion with them. He said: "I was elated as a schoolboy who turns his face towards home, having bidden farewell to his books for a season." But when he came to analyze the situation, his judgment pronounced against the acceptance of this offer. He consulted with a gentleman of experience and good judgment, who said to him: "I consider your prospects fairer than those of any other man now in the business in this city; indeed I know of but one man who would stand the least chance as a competitor." He refused the call to Middletown, but he was not to remain long in New Haven.

He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Timothy Dwight, who had his office in the City Bank building, and their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. Mr. Dwight was engaged in manufacturing. His factory, known as "the brass works," was situated at Ansonia, a few miles west of New Haven. He had been very successful in business and was a man of good character and Christian principles, and was quite intimate with the officers and directors of the City Bank.

Mr. Dwight was acquainted with Colonel Mason, the chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad

Company, and through him and the directors of the railroad he procured a large contract for the manufacture of the rolling stock of the road. Mr. Gates had for some time been desirous of finding an opening in manufacturing business. The new venture looked inviting, and when Mr. Dwight asked him to engage in it, it did not require much urging to persuade him to accept the invitation and to go to Chicago to take charge of the books of the American Car Works as secretary and bookkeeper.

He left New York, April 12, 1853, at six o'clock in the morning, but the train was delayed by storms, so that he arrived at Chicago at nine o'clock in the evening of the 14th, having been on his way three days and two nights. He was fatigued with the journey, almost sick and quite alone, having left his family in New Haven.

For the first two weeks he stayed at the Garden City Hotel, going to the American Car Works every morning. Omnibuses ran as far as Twelfth Street, and he walked the rest of the way, about a mile and a half. Afterwards he found a home in the family of Mrs. Long, whose house was in the vicinity of the car works.

He threw himself into his new employment with all his energy. The American Car Works brought many workmen to that part of the city and hastened its growth, so that in nine months it changed from an unbroken prairie to a flourishing settlement, known by the name of Carville,

containing a population of several hundreds, and with new houses going up every day.

One of the first questions which confronted Mr. Gates was that of his church connection, for he was not one who could long remain a stranger in the house of God. But he found that this question was beset with peculiar difficulties. For the first three Sabbaths he attended church with the First, Second, and Third Presbyterian churches, and was urged to cast in his lot with one of them. In a letter to his wife he thus stated the condition of things in which he found himself:—

I find that Congregationalism here is not what it is in old Connecticut. The Presbyterian Church is the dominant one, and the tendency in that church is to treat the Congregationalists as intruders or dissenting ultraists. The first people are members of Presbyterian churches, and there is not the best of feeling between the two denominations; hence many young men who come from the east strong in their Congregational belief, for expediency's sake pass into the Presbyterian Church, and are soon lost to the denomination in which they were trained. Now take my case; my letters of introduction are all to prominent men in the Second Presbyterian Church, the aristocratic society of the city, and by going to that church I should probably be quickly settled in the best society. You see at once how strong the inducements are to sacrifice my Congregationalism to ease, comfort, and, perhaps, lucrative connections with rich and influential members of that society. But suppose I came seeking a place with these same letters and received a place from these

men, how much more powerfully would I be tempted to fall in with them! Now that is exactly the way it works. I find numbers of young men who were Congregationalists at the east, but are now firm supporters of the other order through the working of such circumstances. But I love the beautiful simplicity of our New England order too well to quickly give it up. I am heartily persuaded that it is the form of church government most in accord with the teachings of the apostolic age and the genius of our institutions, and that, on a fair trial, it will be found to work as admirably here as in old New England.

A desire to find the place where he could be most useful entered into the solution of the problem, and he was mindful of his influence over others. He said: "These worldly and irreligious men around us will be keen to notice whether we act upon the line of duty or mere pleasure seeking, and it behooves us to be circumspect."

He at once allied himself with a few others in attempts to provide religious services for the people in the vicinity of the car works. At first their meetings were held in a schoolhouse, and they found it hard to arrange their services so as to avoid conflicting with the Methodists, who also held services there. Ten days after his arrival in Chicago he wrote to his wife:—

As soon as I get settled at Mrs. Long's I shall commence operations in the way of Sunday-school and Bible-class efforts, and I hope to be able to draw in some from the fields and street, who are now open

violators of the holy day. You have no idea of the amount of open violation of the Sabbath there is here. Teams of all kinds meet your gaze at every turn, and men and boys accoutered for hunting and fishing or sporting of some kind. Still, there are a great many churches of all kinds, and the permanent inhabitants may be called churchgoing. Several of our most popular churches have services only once on the Sabbath. There is great need of faithful religious effort here, both among those who were moral in Connecticut and among those who acknowledge no restraint. The former are prone to break loose from old habits of Sabbath-keeping and churchgoing, and to seek their own pleasure in hunting, rambling, and manual labor; while the latter spend the day in drinking, gambling, and vicious indulgence generally. Oh, that I may have grace to keep me in the paths of rectitude and guide me in my labors for this people!

Rev. E. F. Dickinson had been holding services in the schoolhouse for nearly two months before Mr. Gates' arrival in Chicago. He also preached at another place about a mile away, holding one service in each place.

In a letter to his wife, Mr. Gates says of the first service he attended there:—

For singing-books we had three *Carmina Sacras*, and as all were afraid and none were acquainted with each other, the singing went rather funny. But we are going to have some books and a singing-school next Tuesday, and a rehearsal next Sabbath, half an hour before church time; I am going into it full drive.



He did go into this church work in the same way that he went into his business and all other lines of activity—with all his energy. He did nothing by halves. The little church on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Calumet Avenue was built largely by the subscriptions of the American Car Company, and Mr. Gates was instrumental in securing many of the subscriptions. It was not always easy to collect what had been subscribed. At times, when work was not pressing in the shops, Mr. Gates would ask Mr. McRoy, the foreman, who was a warm friend, to take the subscription list and collect the sums promised by the subscribers. On one of these occasions, Mr. McRoy came to a man who had subscribed \$25, and asked him for that sum. The man answered: "I am not going to pay that."

"Is not that your signature?" asked Mr. McRoy.

"Yes," said the subscriber; "but I never intended to pay that; I reckon that my singing in the choir is worth \$25 to them."

Having completed his list, Mr. McRoy returned and told Mr. Gates of the reception accorded him by the subscriber. Mr. Gates' reply showed a Christian spirit and a vein of humor, both characteristic of him: "Well, Mr. McRoy, let us be charitable; let us hope that there may be salvation even for such a man."

Mr. Timothy Dwight was in full accord with Mr. Gates in all his plans for the welfare of the



little church and community, and did not wait to be asked to become a liberal subscriber to these causes. A circulating library was started by subscription, which was much used and appreciated by the workmen in the car works.

Mr. Gates was very popular with the men because of his ready sympathy with them and his manifest interest in them. Often when he became tired of bending over his books, he would go out into the shops, seize a hammer or plane, and work with them. They had the utmost confidence in him, and there was not one of the workmen who would not gladly go out of his way to serve him.

The separation from his family upon coming to Chicago, with the uncertainty as to the time of their reunion, was no light trial to Mr. Gates, who was of an affectionate nature. May 1, 1853, he wrote to his wife as follows :—

*Sabbath eve.*—In the providence of God we have been guided and kept thus far, and have taken these last steps not without earnest prayer for light to shine upon the path of duty ; and now we must try to see and feel the hand of our heavenly Father in all the circumstances of the change. I have no doubt that God has something in store for us in connection with my coming here, which we shall by-and-by perceive clearly, though at present it may be hidden behind clouds of gloomy anxiety and trembling forebodings. Let us commit ourselves, then, and all our interests into the keeping of Him who knoweth what is best for us, and who has declared that he will deliver all who

put their trust in him. Let us go right forward in the discharge of every duty, assured that we shall thus find relief quicker than in any other way. Perhaps, Mary, this is the very trial God has been preparing for us, that we may be perfected in character and prepared for the greatest usefulness here and hereafter. How precious is the privilege of prayer! Do not neglect it, dearest, and grace shall fill your soul according to your hour of need. Take good care of our precious treasure. Bend over her much in prayer, that she may early learn the form and attitude thereof, and be impressed by the act. I trust she daily hushes her little prattle at the table when grace is asked. The picture of you and her is a treasure to me, although the sight of it always starts a tear. God bless you, dearest ones, and keep you under the shadow of his wings!

His family came to him in the fall of 1853, but returned to East Haddam for a visit in the spring of the next year. While they were gone, the cholera broke out in Chicago, and many fled from the city. Mr. Gates remained at his post and did not hesitate to attend those who were stricken with the plague. He thus wrote to his wife:—

I am very glad you and the children went just as you did, for I should have felt dreadfully had either of you fallen victims here, and when once the panic had commenced, I should have been loath to leave my post and thus head a stampede among our men. The two head men in the machine shop did thus leave to accompany their wives east, and their example has

cost us hundreds of dollars, besides going far to increase fear in others and thus lay them open to the disease. I have seen the workings of cholera in all its stages, and, though I should prefer not to inhale the breath of a person in the third stage, yet I should no more shrink from attendance upon a patient stricken with this disease than one sick with bilious fever. At the same time, so great is the power of sympathy and the influence of mind over body, that it is especially becoming for every person to use all reasonable diligence in guarding against the first approach of danger and in keeping himself steadily stayed upon Christ, the Hope of the soul.

At first he felt that it was his duty to go promptly to the bedsides of the sick and dying and labor for their restoration in order to check the panic and inspire the timid with confidence. But as the community became accustomed to the disease and learned how to treat it the necessity for doing thus was lessened. Mr. Gates was careful of his diet, and his Christian faith enabled him to maintain a steady quietude of spirit which brought great comfort and peace. He said: "How full of consolation is the thought, He ordereth all things well! God knows what is needed in order to our proper discipline. Let us learn, then, to receive all our experiences as coming directly from his hand and to profit by them."

The weather was exceedingly trying during the time of the cholera. September 3, 1854, Mr. Gates wrote:—

Ah, never before did I know such longing for a continuously cool breeze, a cloudy day, and a refreshing shower! Night after night, as long, low banks of clouds skirt across the north and west, we watch them with intensest interest, and as the lightnings dart, or an occasional low muttering of thunder is heard, hope kindles anew, and we rejoice in the promised shower. But alas for the tokens of the next morning! Cloudless and brazen the heavens are outstretched, resembling more a glowing furnace than the mild, ethereal blue. Never have I experienced anything like it before.

And yet nothing could be wiser than the admonitions which he wrote to his wife in these trying days:—

In regard to your own health, I hope you will be careful and not overdo. Try to take things easily. If all does not go well about the house, let it pass as an idle tale, unless firm, quiet action will remedy the evil. Above all, cultivate that spirit of simple trust and confidence in God that always proves more efficacious than aught else in smoothing the rough ways of life. A free, cheerful mingling with old friends and acquaintances; a course of light, pleasurable reading mixed with enough of sound, practical thought to keep the mind stable and firm and give a wholesome check to the flights of fancy; and, as the basis of all, such an intimate and continual communion with Christ as shall make the atmosphere at all times heavenly, in spite of all the clouds, smoke, and dust of disappointment, apprehension, and care,—these, dearest, seem to me the best means to render your days and weeks pleasant and profitable.

## CHAPTER VI.

DILIGENT IN BUSINESS, FERVENT IN SPIRIT,  
SERVING THE LORD.

IN 1855 the American Car Works wound up its affairs and closed out its business. The settlement was effected through Mr. Gates, who bought the stock, giving his notes for \$250,000, and carried on the business until all contracts were completed and debts paid. This entailed upon him severe labor and great care, and when it was at last accomplished his health gave way and he was sick for weeks. When he got up from this sickness his physicians advised a change of climate for his health, and he accordingly made a journey down the Great Lakes, from which he was called home by the severe illness of his second child, Charles, occurring about the time of the birth of the third child, William, in September, 1855.

Near the close of the same year an incident occurred which illustrates Mr. Gates' thoughtfulness for others. He was himself in poor health and out of business, his financial resources at a very low ebb. A poor man living in the same block had died in the spring, leaving to his widow a house and lot on which only two payments had been made. Mr. Gates went to the man who held

the notes, paid the balance due on them, and placed the notes in his pocket. He also paid the taxes for two years and aided the widow in other ways of which she knew nothing. In December her house and furniture were damaged by fire. Mr. Gates labored with other neighbors to save the house from destruction, and after the fire a purse was made up on the spot, which was enough to repair the damage to the building. The next morning Mr. Gates started out with a subscription paper to endeavor to secure enough to cover the losses on the furniture. Entering the store of a friend he made an appeal to him, obtained a subscription, and was about leaving the store when a well-dressed lady, who had listened to his earnest appeal, modestly asked the privilege of adding her contribution. Her gift was thankfully received, and Mr. Gates went on his way cheered and gladdened by this unexpected help. In his journal he recorded his gladness that evening and his sympathy with the poor widow, saying, "It is a dreadful thing to be left a widow without means in this cold world."

That same day he helped an escaped slave on his way to Canada; and in regard to that he wrote:—

I was richly rewarded by his thanks for the interest I manifested in his case. God grant the time may soon come when such cases shall be unknown, for the simple reason that slavery does not exist. On the whole, the day's experience has been very pleasant.

How blessed it is to have the power to help others !  
Verily, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

He entered into business again, February 1, 1856, forming a partnership with Thomas George and Edward Hamilton in the manufacture of wares made of copper, brass, tin, and sheet-iron, and in the sale of stoves, pumps, etc. He entered upon this connection with high hopes of success, and recorded in his journal the principles on which he expected to conduct his business:—

I am now fairly embarked on the sea of business life, and feel that spiritually I am in great danger. The seductions of business are powerful, and especially so when one is prosperous. Amid the storms of adversity and the darkness of disappointment, the soul turns its eyes upward and seeks comfort from on high ; but when the sun of prosperity shines and there are no clouds to darken the heaven of our success, then the soul forgets God and relies on itself and is in extremest danger. I have no ambition to be great in this world and have too just an estimate of my abilities, I trust, to ever dream of any such thing ; but I would be useful, and as a means of usefulness I would acquire property, I care not how fast. Toiling for money merely for the sake of money, I despise, but the possession of money with a heart to use it for the good of others is a rich gift. To me there is greater pleasure in the power to relieve the wants of the truly needy than in aught else I know of. I would, then, by industry, thrift, and enterprise acquire wealth, and I intend to labor hard for such an end. I mean to do



business on truly honest principles, to get trade wherever I can without any sacrifice of self-respect or compromising of integrity. I do not believe in doing business at a loss, for that will endanger our safety as a firm and be wronging our creditors. I shall therefore strive to make every transaction yield its fair quota of profits and no more. I dislike the method sometimes adopted of urging men to buy on credit what the seller knows they do not really need and may perhaps find it difficult to pay for. I have often seen men get into difficulty from entering into speculations outside of their regular business, and I consider the plan dangerous in the extreme; consequently I shall not do it myself and shall try to discourage it in my partners.

There can be no success without labor and steady perseverance; I shall therefore rise early and pursue my appropriate line of duty with untiring steadfastness, thus setting an example to those in my employ.

I hold to the accountability of a firm as well as of an individual. I shall therefore be in favor of a generous response to those calls of public charity and benevolence that are always made in a community like this. It is with such general views that I enter into this partnership, hoping for the blessing of God.

This partnership ended in failure in the great financial depression of 1857, leaving Mr. Gates burdened with care and debt. He blamed himself for not investigating the affairs of the firm more thoroughly before entering into the partnership and for not resisting more strenuously the temptations to enlarge the business on a scale



beyond their means, and he acknowledged to himself that he had been blinded by his haste to get rich.

In 1884, writing to one of his children, he said of this period of his life: —

God has been very good to us. Losses came that swept away everything but character, and yet we never lacked for bread. Your dear mother's character came out in those days. I gave up everything to my creditors and she never had a word but of approval.

At the time of the failure he wrote: —

All release me and I leave all, being indeed worse off than nothing at the present valuation of my real estate. One thing gives me comfort: every one keeps confidence in my integrity, and I could ask a favor of any of our creditors with no fear of rejection on the ground of ill-will.

In the hour of his discouragement and depression over the failure, Mr. E. W. Blatchford came to Mr. Gates with words of cheer and encouragement, was helpful to him in the settlement of his affairs, and offered him employment which finally resulted in the formation of a partnership between them.

Notwithstanding all these business troubles, Mr. Gates was untiring in his labors for the little church of which he was a member. It was embarrassed for lack of funds, and parties at the East held a note against the property of the

church. In these circumstances some of the members, with the pastor, conceived the idea of seeking help from the Presbyterian Society and turning the church over to that denomination. A meeting was called to consider this plan. Mr. Gates was not notified of the meeting and knew nothing of the plan. But a lady calling upon his wife mentioned that such a meeting had been called. As soon as her caller had left, Mrs. Gates put on her bonnet, went to her husband's place of business, and told him what she had heard. He acted with characteristic promptness: telegraphed to the parties holding the note of the church that he wished to take up the note, and, when he had obtained their answer to the effect that the note was his, he attended the meeting with this answer in his pocket. The promoters of the plan had come fortified with arguments to show that it was for the good of the church that they should induce the Presbyterian Society to raise the note and take them under its wing. They presented these arguments and everything seemed favorable to their views. At last one member said he should like to inquire who held the note of the church. At this juncture Mr. Gates rose and said, "I do, sir," and resumed his seat. It was a short speech, but very effective. A reaction at once set in which resulted in the church's maintaining its place in the Congregational body. The most ardent advocates of Presbyterianism united with churches of that denomination in the

vicinity. Those who remained bravely maintained the struggle with greater unity of purpose, though diminished in numbers.

Rev. J. H. Dill, an earnest and devoted man, became their pastor. Mr. Gates rejoiced in his coming and spared no effort to support him. Often he lighted the fires and swept out the church for the public services. He advanced money to the church for the payment of the pastor's salary. Indeed he embarrassed himself, borrowing money in order that the work of the church might go on without interruption. In his journal he wrote, under the date of August 7, 1859:—

My heart sinks within me at times when I think of Mr. Dill's salary and my advances to the church. I have embarrassed myself for the sake of the church and it worries me at times, but I hope for the best. I feel deeply how hard it is to live aright, but I do hope and pray for grace to gain the mastery over passion, pride, and selfishness. I would know more of God, realize more deeply my own sinfulness, and enjoy a greater nearness to Christ, my Redeemer, Helper, and Friend. Our church rejoices in the services of Mr. Dill, and has reason to rejoice, for he seems most thoroughly devoted to our welfare and upbuilding. Our weekly prayer-meetings are better attended and more interesting, our Sunday-school is filling up, and the hearts of Christians are being drawn more closely together. Oh, for a revival of religion that would blend us all together in the com-

mon cause of our Master and gather sinners into the church! This is what we most need and what I hope we are praying for.

Mr. J. H. Clough, an old-time friend of Mr. Gates and a member with him of the South Congregational Church, says of Mr. Gates' devotion to that church:—

I first knew him as a member of the little church on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Calumet Avenue. It was in the fall of 1858. We had just moved into the neighborhood, and were visiting the struggling churches of different denominations in that vicinity with a view to selecting our church home. Attracted more by the cordial and friendly manner of Mr. Gates than by any other incident, we became attendants of the little church on the corner. He seemed to have the burdens of the Lord's work upon him as few men have. He was looked to as the chief support of the church, financially and spiritually. I suppose he was not at that time a wealthy man, yet he was the first and largest contributor to the ordinary expenses of the church, besides giving in other ways. He was treasurer of the church, and when some of the members were unable to pay their pew rent he would credit the amount to the subscriber, paying it from his own purse that the society might not suffer loss, and nothing was known of it by others. There was a poor girl in the congregation who could help herself and parents if she only had a piano. Mr. Gates found the way to supply the instrument. When the minister needed a better watch to insure his prompt appearance in the pulpit, Mr. Gates furnished the timekeeper

at the next donation party. He seemed to be always seeking opportunities for helping others.

I remember at one time he seemed very much discouraged. Our good minister, Mr. Dill, had joined the army of the Union as chaplain, and the church needed some one to preach the gospel. A very acceptable young man from another city had visited us and preached to us, and we desired to secure his service, but there was no money and not much prospect of replenishing the treasury except from one source, and that was Mr. Gates' purse, which was ever at the command of the church. Twelve hundred dollars must be raised for the pastor's salary, besides other expenses. A few of the church members came together to consider the situation. We sat in silence for some time, Mr. Gates with bowed head as if engaged in silent prayer. At last some one in the little group from whom perhaps little was expected broke the silence by proposing to subscribe \$100. Mr. Gates seemed at once to have gained new hope, not so much on account of the sum named, as from the feeling that he was not entirely alone in his willingness to do for the church. The amount needed was made up by his strong support and earnest efforts, and the pastor was secured, greatly to the happiness of Mr. Gates and the growth and spiritual life of the church.

That pastor was Rev. W. B. Wright, of Cincinnati, Ohio, between whom and Mr. Gates a friendship was formed of more than ordinary steadfastness and intensity. Mr. Wright says, writing to one of Mr. Gates' sons: —

At that period of a man's life when his boyhood is over and manhood beginning; when he feels, in confronting the forces of actual life all entirely new to him, as a little child, inexperienced and wholly untrained to cope with them; while at the same time he knows he must act a man's part and may not look for the sympathy, help, and consideration which are given spontaneously to children,—at that period your father was given to me. He understood me, put his virile strength under my weakness, loved me, bore with me. I clung to him as an ivy clings to an oak. I loved him as Jonathan loved David, and to the end my grateful prayer of thanksgiving shall be that our relations were what they were.

While Mr. Gates was so active in labors for the church, he was equally diligent in business. In September, 1859, the Chicago Lead Works, in which he was engaged with Mr. Blatchford, burned down in a disastrous fire, which visited that portion of the city. The buildings had to be rebuilt and the accounts of the firm copied from charred books, entailing upon Mr. Gates severe and exhausting labors. But nothing interrupted his fervent devotion to the service of his heavenly Father. On the Sabbath following the fire we find the following record in his journal:—

Again has the Sabbath of rest dawned upon me, and I look forward to the services of God's house with pleasure. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! A day in thy courts is better than a thousand in the tents of sin." Grant us, O God,



a rich feast this day, a spirit of deep and earnest prayer that great good may be accomplished in the name of the Lord! Clothe thy minister with salvation, and make his words quick and powerful to the salvation of sinners and the upbuilding of saints!

He continued to live in the vicinity of the church after he had entered into business with Mr. Blatchford, although his home was nearly four miles from his office. He went to business very early in the morning and returned so late that his younger children often saw nothing of their father save on Sundays. He labored with his own hands, often himself measuring lead pipe and rolling out barrels of oil for customers. He put his own strength and vitality into his business, and gave equal diligence to his work for Christ. To him the Master's business was his business, and all business was the Master's.

Says one who met him daily in business relations:—

He was too firm in his convictions and too outspoken in stating them to be what the world calls popular, but he had what was better than popularity—the esteem and respect of all who came in contact with him in a business way. During a business association of over twenty years I have rarely known him to be mistaken in his judgment regarding business matters.

He had to a rare degree the ability to grasp a situation, to look on both sides of a question, and promptly to make up his mind as to the best course to pursue. In business, as in every other interest, he



was an untiring worker. If anything was to be done, he never waited for some one else to do it, but would take hold of the work with such energy that it would perhaps be completed before another man would have made up his mind to begin.

Another says : —

I have known him for the last thirty-five years. I always considered him a model business man. I loved to meet him at the lunch table. It was a treat to hear him at such a time discourse upon the drift in the business world and also in the political, as bearing upon the interests of righteousness and good government. His public spirit was an element of his nature manifest to all who knew him.

This public spirit was manifested in the struggle for the election of Lincoln. Mr. Gates was deeply interested and took an active part in that contest. When Fort Sumter was threatened he wrote in his journal : —

I say to every man of the North, Stand firm. Ask nothing that you would not readily grant, and grant nothing of which your children will be ashamed and which the noblest instincts of humanity will not endorse. There is one consolation amid all these sad occurrences : God reigns supreme and he is able to overrule all that which seems evil to us for the highest good of this nation.

And in 1862 he wrote again : —

The great question of to-day is, What shall be

done with the negro? I say, Let freedom go with our armies. Liberate every slave of disloyal masters and confiscate the property of rebels. Then initiate movements for the education of the negroes, and put them in the way of becoming the owners in small parcels of their masters' large estates.

When the draft was made for soldiers Mr. Gates did not wait to see whether he would be drawn. Knowing that his circumstances did not permit him to go to the front, he secured a substitute to go in his place. One evening coming home from business he gathered his children about him and gave to them a slip of paper on which was written the name and address of this substitute, and bade them love the man who had gone in their father's stead and pray for his safety. It meant much to those little ones that somewhere out at the front a man was marching and fighting in the place of their beloved father, and so he was spared to them.

In 1861 Mr. Gates' health showed signs of serious impairment, and he was apprehensive that he might be taken away suddenly, so he wrote directions as to the disposition which he wished to have made of his affairs. In closing he said : —

My great desire for our children is that they may all receive a good education, and be brought up to habits of industry and economy, and, above all, be thoroughly instructed in those duties which they owe to God. With religion and industrious habits I feel that they can take care of themselves as their father did before

them, while without these qualifications no amount of property I could leave them would secure to them respectability, real success, or happiness. I commend my eternal interests to Him who gave me being, feeling deeply my great sinfulness and unworthiness, but trusting in the blood and in the mercies of Jesus Christ for my salvation.

Mr. Wright began his labors with the South Congregational Church, November 2, 1862. The friendship formed between him and Mr. Gates was so close and tender that the pastor was wont to style himself Jonathan and his parishioner David. The home of each was another home to the other. A few years later when the pastor was yet not fully settled in his Eastern home he wrote to his friend: —

As the Jews found in Jerusalem the type of heaven — the symbol and evidence of a rest remaining — it is the simple truth that I look to your home as the one place on earth where I can feel absolutely at rest.

And the pastor's memory still lingers in the home of his friend like a loving presence felt but not seen.

After the last service of the Sabbath they were wont to walk together, talking over the services of the day and exchanging counsels for each other's spiritual upbuilding, and often they would retire together to the closet to pour out their united prayers for the church, for themselves, and for individuals in whom they were interested. The revival

came, for which Mr. Gates had been longing and praying. Thirty-nine were added to the church by letter during the five years of Mr. Wright's pastorate, and twenty-seven on confession of their faith. A few years later Mr Wright wrote:—

The ideal communion that lingers in my memory like a whisper from heaven is the one when we all sat down together after the sweet revival in the little church, when L—— and others united with us.

And after Mr. Gates' death he wrote again:—

I will tell you of an incident, which is a fair specimen of countless others, showing his care for his pastor. It was June, I think. The year had been a trying one for business men. There had been a revival in our church. Meetings had been multiplied, and he had worked in them with an energy which never flagged. He looked worn and jaded. I grew anxious for his health, and urged him to take a rest, but he said it was impossible. I could not move him. He said his time was not his own, his business required his presence, the church needed him. But one who need not be named here, one to whom his leaving earth has given a joy scarcely less than the sorrow his departure has given me, intimated to him that I was flagging from overwork and needed a change. The second morning after he heard that his carriage stopped at my door, and he asked me to take a ride with him. I accepted without a thought of anything more than a morning's ride. At noon we stopped somewhere for dinner; at night we reached a snug inn. He proposed that we spend the night there. His eyes twinkled as he took

from the rumble my own valise packed with all that could be needed for a week's journey. He told me that he had provided for the supply of the pulpit on the coming Sabbath, that thoughts neither of the factory nor of the church should intrude upon us. He brought me back after seven days, himself refreshed by the journey, but still more by the conviction that he had done me good.

There were few tasks more difficult than to make him care for himself, none easier than to move him by the lever of carefulness for others. Wherever he could be of service, there he loved to be. It mattered little what the kind of service was. When there seemed to be small interest in religion he would come to my study and pray with me for spiritual power; when it was given and inquirers began to ask, What shall we do? he would spend evening after evening with them in conference and prayer. When cholera came and many were mastered by panic, his joy was to visit the homes of the poor where the disease had entered, and bring to them help and cheer. Once when smallpox had become epidemic, I found him quietly watching by the bedside of a man dying of that disease, watching while the sick man's wife slept in obedience to his orders. The memory of these facts enables me to understand the wisdom and devotion he afterwards showed, and to appreciate the joy he felt in his larger ministrations at the Bohemian Mission and as president of the Chicago City Missionary Society. Others will think of him as the able man of business, the instructed man of affairs, the eloquent speaker, the astute organizer, the able Bible teacher, the faithful, patriotic citizen, the loving father, the tender husband ;

but I see the face of my beloved friend, the face that often looked so careworn, those bright eyes of his glowing with light, in which even their familiar beauty is quenched, as he hears, “ Sick and in prison and thou visitedst me. Enter into the joy of thy Lord.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CHRISTIAN LAYMAN.

IN 1867, Mr. Gates removed his residence to Geneva, Ill., thirty-five miles west of Chicago. He did business in the city as before, returning to his home by train every evening. His health had become impaired, and the enforced cessation of activity during the rides to and from the city, together with the quiet of the country, did much to restore his wasted energies. The parting from his beloved pastor was a sore trial. Each grasped the other's hand and said in a tone tremulous with emotion: "God bless you, dear fellow!" and then their ways diverged. It was not long afterwards that the pastor accepted a call to the Berkeley Street Church of Boston, and the distance between them was increased; but a correspondence began which was rich in its evidences of warm and unselfish Christian love. The year after the separation, Mr. Wright wrote the following tribute to his friend:—

I have seen many men, I have known many intimately, and have been loved tenderly by a few whom the world calls great; but I have known none other whose character is an inspiration to me, as is yours. I have thought that one of the uses of your hard but splendid life is to stimulate weak men to strive more.



In Geneva, Mr. Gates found opportunity to gratify that love of the country which had lingered in his heart from his youth. Coming home from the work of the day, out of the toil and turmoil of the city into the quiet and freshness of his beautiful home, he delighted to go out into the garden, to work among the plants and flowers, or to ride through the country with his wife and children, often calling at some farmhouse. On one of these visits, he found the farmer just going to the barn with the milkpails upon his arm. Mr. Gates accosted him with hearty greeting and said: "Don't you want me to help you milk?" The farmer, who only knew Mr. Gates as the city manufacturer, replied rather contemptuously: "I should like to see you milk." Mr. Gates at once jumped from his carriage, seized a milkpail, and soon outstripped the farmer in the speed with which he milked the cows.

At other times he would join his children in their sports and run to and fro in the ample grounds surrounding his house, himself the swiftest runner of them all and as young in spirit as any.

He was always an early riser, and at Geneva it was his habit to ride from five to ten miles on horseback before breakfast, returning in time to eat breakfast and conduct the morning devotions with his family before he took the seven o'clock train for the city. With the freshening and invigorating of his physical nature all the traits of

the fond father and loving husband came out in stronger, clearer lines. He loved to gather his children about him under the trees and read to them from Ruskin's *Beauties of Nature*, or *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*, or other works of good authors which would kindle their interest in God's world and God's thoughts. Often on Sabbath afternoons they would walk together, the children delighting in the opportunity to vary the quiet of the Sabbath and rest the active limbs, tired with the enforced inactivity of the morning service, by using them; then, when some shady nook was found, they would sit down upon the ground and listen while he read to them. He was a sympathetic reader, the tones of his voice changing with every shade of thought of the author whom he was interpreting. Often in the Sabbath evenings, or when the weather made it impossible to gather out-of-doors, he would open the Bible and teach its sacred lessons with personal applications and appeals that left no doubt in the minds of his children as to what he most desired for them. Together they studied the history of Israel, with the aid of maps, learned the divisions of Palestine, and placed the stories of Old Testament worthies in settings that brought out clearly the lessons of their lives. And often when bedtime came he would be found sitting by the bedside of some one of those children, pointing them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, while he held the little

hands in a clasp that spoke of the earthly father's love, and gave a very tender interpretation to the words, "Our Father, which art in heaven." And then he would kneel there and pour out his heart's desire, pleading for the divine blessing upon his children, that they might accept the truth and yield their hearts to the Saviour whom he had presented to them. There was no doubt in the minds of his children as to his sympathy with them, and they knew that nothing gave him greater joy than to have them come to him to know the way of righteousness. One Sabbath evening, when all had retired except himself, and he was seated at the library table writing, a white-robed figure stole in and came to his side. Looking down into the troubled face, he asked with kindly tone: "What is it?" The answer came with a burst of tears: "I want to find Jesus." "My child," he said, "Jesus wants to find you." And then after words of counsel and prayer, the little one went back to bed; but the father still kneeled in gratitude to God, and then and there he consecrated his child to the Lord's ministry, if it should be his will to accept the offering. Years afterward, in writing to one of his sons, Mr. Gates said: "Among the bright spots along the years of care and toil are the Sundays spent with you children. How sweet they were to me! and they lifted the week-day load of care, anxiety, and labor."

In Geneva, Mr. Gates found a struggling church

to be aided. He deplored the fact that a village of two thousand inhabitants should have seven or eight churches. This seemed to him a waste of strength and money, which he could never have tolerated in his own business, and was no less grievous to him in his Lord's business. But he felt that the church where he worshiped had a right to his support, and he gave it freely. He threw himself into the work so earnestly that the faithful pastor and counselor of former years soon wrote to him in this strain:—

I cannot sleep until I warn you against the danger of taking the Geneva church bodily upon your shoulders. I greatly fear that you are doing so. In Chicago I am sure that it would have been better for the church if you had not suffered it to lean upon you so much. It is better to strengthen a man's legs than to carry him upon your shoulders. Is it not so, my dear friend?

For a year he served as superintendent of the Sabbath-school, besides carrying a large share of the burdens of the church. In 1868, Rev. H. M. Whitney became pastor of the church, and a cordial friendship at once sprang up between him and Mr. Gates. Mr. Whitney says:—

I valued him beyond expression as a parishioner and as a personal friend. He knew what I was trying to do. A good sermon was likely to be followed by an appreciative word or a warm grasp of the hand. A poor sermon or a mistaken step of the pastor was

considerately dealt with, if only by kindly silence. He had frequent headaches, and his daily ride of seventy miles on the cars was a poor preparation for attendance at the prayer-meeting; but his talks were rich in their spiritual helpfulness. Among my most valued recollections are those of walks taken with him in the darkness after evening service, for then we uttered our largest and most aspiring and most Christian thoughts. He little knew how the young man who was struggling to master himself and to do the work of an evangelist lived and grew on the spiritual aliment that he received from his lay elder brother in those eager walks.

Here, as in Chicago, Mr. Gates showed what a layman may do for his minister, how the parishioner may strengthen his pastor.

In 1871, Mr. Whitney was called to the chair of rhetoric in Beloit College. In the interim that followed his departure, before the church secured a pastor, Mr. Gates often filled the pulpit, either by reading a sermon or giving one of his earnest talks. One Sabbath morning the people assembled for worship and discovered that no provision had been made for the supply of the pulpit. Mr. Gates was not present. One of the deacons went to his house and found him in bed suffering from a sick headache. But when he knew that the people were waiting for the word of God, he arose and went and ministered unto them.

In the fall of 1871, two of Mr. Gates' sons, Will and Frank, followed their pastor, Mr. Whitney,

to Beloit College, entering the preparatory department, and in the following year Mr. Gates returned to Chicago and made his home upon the west side of the city. In the years that followed, while his sons were in college, Mr. Gates visited Beloit from time to time, and showed his interest in the college in many ways. Professor Whitney says:—

His visits were always greatly enjoyed. I have especially in mind one visit when, as superintendent of the Sabbath-school, I pressed him into service to speak at the Sunday-school concert. The study for the quarter had been upon the life of Joseph, and he drew lessons from that life in a way that fairly entranced us all. The form was wholly extemporaneous, but for strictness of method, naturalness of connection with the subject, purity of diction, aptness of vocabulary, sweetness of tone, and combination of instructiveness and helpfulness, I have never known it surpassed by the most elaborate sermon. Our pastor, Dr. Bushnell, came to me as soon as he could, to say: "Who is your friend, and where did he get such extraordinary command of the Anglo-Saxon?" He was a diligent reader of the very choicest books and the one book he studied most was the Bible.

It may be added that he was reaping now the harvests of those years of self-discipline in his early life, when he schooled himself to express his thoughts in his journal, and by much writing acquired the chaste and forcible diction of his later years.



Men were drawn to him by the sweetness of his character and the surety they felt of his sympathy. Professor Whitney says: "I never felt toward any other man, not of my own blood, as I felt towards him. Our inability to keep hold of him after the graduation of his boys was to my wife and myself one common grief. When we spoke of it to him, he had that far-away look that used to come into his eyes at times, which meant that the zeal of the Lord's house had eaten him up."

When Mr. Gates returned to the city, refreshed and strengthened by his sojourn in the country, his active mind still carried on the processes of thinking and investigating, only the themes were no longer those of Nature, but rather those which pertained to the good of his fellow men. As he lived and moved among the crowds, he longed to help them and do them good. His mind was ever active. Says Dr. Wright:—

One of the most characteristic qualities of his mind was its alertness. He interested himself in all things, and few men could talk so intelligently upon so many subjects. I remember, a few years—perhaps eight years—before his death, while he was visiting me in Boston, the conversation brought in the name of the Providence Tool Company. The theme once broached, he delighted the company with a complete history of a watch-spring from the time it left the mine, through the pig iron, until it was set in a Waltham watch. This was wholly outside the line of his own



business, but it did not surprise me. His information also was sure to be exact. He had one of the rarest of gifts, the ability to distinguish between what he knew and what he did not know. It was this faculty of close observation and iron memory which made his talks so interesting upon all subjects that were suggested at missionary meetings. He felt keenly his inability to go through college and resolved to make up for that deprivation as best he could. He began early in life by training himself to remember and write down as much as he could of the Sunday sermons, and he gained such facility that in later years, after listening to an address on any theme, he could report all the important thoughts and much of the language; and to this faculty, acquired by long and laborious practice, is attributable in large measure his wide and accurate information.

Few men have used time so scrupulously. He never learned how to be idle and he never learned how to rest. His life would have been longer if he had. Indeed he was one of God's burden-bearers. If there was a load to be lifted, his irresistible impulse was to put his shoulders under it and lift. Even when persuaded by those who loved him better than he loved himself to take a vacation, he did not know how to stop working. The intense energy that he showed in his business was not relaxed in his play and he did more work, though of a different kind, perhaps, in a six weeks' vacation than many a man does in a year of business.

To him rest meant a change of employment, not inactivity, which was irksome. His readiness

to assume burdens finds illustration in an incident related by Rev. G. S. F. Savage, D.D. : —

In 1872, before Mr. Gates had any official connection with the Chicago Theological Seminary, much against my will I was elected treasurer of that institution. The seminary was deeply in debt and its income wholly insufficient to meet its annual expenses. It was just after the great Chicago fire, which had crippled many of the supporters of the seminary in their resources, and the condition of its affairs was extremely critical. I was very unwilling to assume the responsibility of caring for its finances ; but finally agreed to leave the question of acceptance to the decision of a few personal friends. After laying before them the embarrassed condition of the seminary's finances and saying to them that if they advised me to accept the treasurership I should expect them to contribute generously to its funds, I laid the matter before Mr. Gates and said : “ Now if you advise me to take this responsibility, I shall expect you to back it up with a contribution of \$5,000.” “ Well,” he said, “ I think it is a clear case as to your duty, and if you had come to me last week, I would have considered the proposition ; but I have just pledged \$3,000 to the church at Geneva, on condition they enlarge their church building, and I do not see how I can do more than that at present.” But after a few moments' reflection he said : “ If you will accept the treasurership, I will pledge you \$1,000 to-day and I will talk with my wife ; if she consents, I will make it \$5,000.” He afterwards paid the last-named sum in full, and from time to time added other thousands.

He once gave up a summer vacation which he greatly needed in order that he might contribute to the seminary.

For about six years Mr. Gates was a member of the First Congregational Church, having the Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D.D., for his pastor. He was one of the deacons of the church and had a class of girls in the Sunday-school, many of whom found the Saviour under his guidance. He was always in his place at church and Sunday-school, unless prevented by illness. The pastor's wife says: "One of my clearest recollections of him was his attendance upon the early morning prayer-meetings during the Week of Prayer. He would come in the coldest weather, taking the time from business." And his pastor said in a memorial address: "The church has now and then a happy illustration of what the grace of Christ can do in the hearts and lives of his disciples. Such an illustration is furnished by Deacon Caleb F. Gates. I knew him for some years as his pastor; knew him when the sky was unclouded and the home circle unbroken; knew him when the shadows thickened and the death angel came; knew him in years of financial stringency, when the carrying on of church enterprises and the raising of church debts proved men; knew him in the Prudential Committee, in the Sunday-school and in the mission school, in the prayer room and in the inquiry room, and he was to me as a sort of John Knox or Augustine."

In his journal we find frequent records of Dr. Goodwin's stirring sermons, to which he was a sympathetic and attentive listener.

In 1874, Mr. Gates was chosen a member of the Auditing Committee of the Chicago Theological Seminary, and in 1885 he was elected a member of the Board of Directors and of the Executive Committee, to which was added the office of vice-president in 1888. In regard to these offices he wrote: "I am unworthy of all these trusts and keenly feel my lack of fitness. Pray for me, that God may give me the needed wisdom and grace."

In his relations to the seminary he was thrown into frequent intercourse with Dr. Savage, who has recorded his impressions of him in these words: —

I had abundant opportunities to note the qualities of mind and heart which made him so beloved and useful. He was always prompt and faithful in attending the meetings of the directors and of the Executive Committee. He gave much valuable time and business ability to caring for the finances of the seminary, and was himself a generous giver. He not only gave large gifts of thousands of dollars toward permanent endowments, but very frequently gave smaller amounts to meet temporary emergencies. Often at the meetings of our Executive Committee there would be small bills to be paid when there were no funds in the treasury, or there was some aid to be given or some desirable object to be secured for which there was no provision. In such cases, his favorite expression

was, "Well, brethren, let us chip in and pay it." And he was always ready to "chip in" to the full measure of his proportion. At one time, being desirous that the students in the seminary should all take part in the chapel services by responsive readings of the Bible, he purchased one hundred and fifty Bibles and donated them for this purpose. His rare business qualities, his kind and genial nature, his unselfishness, his practical good sense, his generosity, and his deep and abiding interest in every good cause won my highest respect and my love. Seldom, if ever, has any man attached me so strongly or held me so closely.

Mr. Gates was anxious that the theological students should engage in practical Christian work, and at their request he came to the seminary and delivered an address, in which he urged the importance of such work both for the good they could do and the benefit to themselves.

His interest in the Chicago Theological Seminary led his son Frank thither to prepare for the ministry instead of going to an eastern seminary, as he had desired. His father said: "I would like to give the seminary a son; I have already given it money." At the same time his son William was studying medicine, so that there were realized in the service of his sons two aims which were dear to him—care for the bodies and the souls of men.

The same interest in the seminary led him later on to give \$5,000, which was to be expended in furnishing an alcove with missionary books and

charts, in order that the students might be able to study the cause of missions. And in 1889 he gave the reports of the London Missionary Conference to every member of the graduating class to awaken their interest in missions.

In 1878, Mr. Gates' family suffered a sore bereavement. Death had already visited the household and taken away three little ones in their infancy. Now the fifth son, Edward, a bright lad of sixteen years, was removed. He had been injured internally the year before, in a railroad accident, and the injury finally developed an abscess from which he suffered greatly for eight months, slowly wasting away. Mr. Gates was most constant in his loving attentions to the sick boy, and especially did he labor and pray that he might find his Saviour. Edward had been careless in matters of religion, and was at first rebellious against the Providence which had laid him on a bed of sickness and pain; but after a time he yielded himself without reserve to God. From that time there was a marked change in his character. His Bible and Bible Text Book were constantly by his bedside, and the little Bible soon showed the course of his reading and study in its marked passages. The severest suffering was borne without a murmur. Day and night those who watched beside him heard no complaint. He was solicitous that all his brothers should know his faith and share it with him. At his own request he was received into the church and

partook of the communion in the sick room, and when at last his frame was worn out with cruel suffering and the spirit took its flight, the pallid lips were murmuring, "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee."

In his father's journal this record of his last hours was found:—

About an hour and a half before his death, I was sitting beside the cot, and was not sure whether he was asleep or not, but ventured to sing in a low tone "Nearer, my God, to thee." He immediately caught up the first few words in feebleness. I sang through the first verse and then said: "Eddie, would you like to have Lizzie play and we sing a few of our familiar hymns?" He replied quickly: "Oh, yes." I called Mary, Lizzie, Will, and Frank. While we were hesitating a moment as to what we should sing first, Eddie said distinctly, "Number thirty-three," thus showing in a way very precious to us whither his thoughts tended. Ah, that when my last hour comes I too may say: "'Trusting Jesus, that is all"!

The example of that sick room was not lost. The victory won there stilled every doubt in the mind of his brother and shaped the course of his life. It was after Edward's death that his father's long-cherished wish was gratified by seeing his son Frank choose the Christian ministry as his profession.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MR. GATES was always interested in the cause of foreign missions. He dated his interest in missions from the lessons he learned in childhood at the knee of his Aunt Nancy. In 1882 he wrote to Mr. Charles Hutchins, of the American Board : —

The June number of *The Missionary Herald* is unusually good. I learned to read out of *The Herald* fifty years ago, under the supervision of my aunt, who is now in heaven. I had to get the sense and then give it. If it had been then what it is now, I think I should have enjoyed it more, but it was a good schooling, and my love for missions dates back to that time.

Mr. E. W. Blatchford, who was for many years associated with Mr. Gates in business, writes of his interest in missions : —

A prominent trait of Mr. Gates' character was the thoroughness with which he studied every subject that interested him, amounting oftentimes to enthusiasm. His interest in missions was shown in the Monthly Concerts when he was connected with the Old South Congregational Church of this city. The means for obtaining information about the work of our missionaries were not so abundant then as now. Whatever

books and maps could be obtained, Mr. Gates had, and when he could not find the maps he needed, he often made them himself, in order that he might exhibit to the church a clear view of missionary work in the world.

Some idea of the effect of those talks may be gained from the words of his pastor, written many years after: "I felt almost no interest in foreign missions until your talk in the Sunday evening meeting about Polynesia, which was followed by a series of talks on the Zulus."

"I well remember," said Mr. Blatchford, "his joy when the decision was made that his son Frank would represent him in the Christian ministry. During a business trip made about this time to Colorado he learned much of the needs of this and the adjoining states; and from his familiarity with their growth, their prospects for a grand future, and their spiritual needs, his mind naturally turned toward our western states and territories as the field for his son's labors. His son also made a trip of observation through the same region and his interest was kindled in the West. But during the closing months of his seminary course he heard a voice calling in another direction with divine power. The Turkish missions were brought to his attention through the secretaries of the American Board, and Mardin station was presented to him as a field of great need, offering possibilities of large usefulness. After much prayer and deliberation, he recognized the call as of God and promptly

communicated to his father the decision he was compelled to make. To him it was a surprise and at first a disappointment. The night after his son's letter was received was a sleepless one. Through its long hours he paced the floor, his parental heart wrestling with the question which involved so many and such conflicting elements. But then and there the fact was realized that God had called his son to the foreign field and that he must move forward in that work."

The consecration made so many years before in the library at Geneva was renewed again with tears of parental love and pain. He had given his son to the Lord again. The question was never reopened. In every way in his power he encouraged and aided his son to prepare for the work upon which he entered a few months later, in September, 1881.

"How thoroughly Mr. Gates identified himself with this beloved son's work," says Mr. Blatchford, "can only be realized by those to whom in the intimacy of daily life he spoke of this subject which lay with constant and tender pressure upon his Christian father's heart. The thoughtful household preparation for that untried foreign life was made as if the journey were his own; the weariness of the long journey by sea and plain and mountain to that distant Mesopotamian home was his weariness; the multiform trials in those early days, he bore; the discomforts of the Mardin house and its inhospitable surroundings his sym-

pathetic nature realized; and when he placed in my hands the cable message announcing that the Good Shepherd had gathered to his own bosom the one lamb, — the anticipated source of joy and cheer in that little home, — it was to him as if one of his own home circle had been taken away.

“But from the bright side of that earnest and successful missionary labor he derived ever-increasing comfort. The work in the consecrated home; in the school; in the house-to-house visitation; in personal pleadings; in missionary gatherings; the life on the field; the conversions to Christ; the development of character, — from all these experiences and more, conveyed in the letters which he always carried with him, Mr. Gates derived real and constant satisfaction that not only dwelt in his own heart but was communicated to others in the meetings of the church, especially in the Monthly Concert, and in the daily intercourse with friends.’

Among the papers found after his death was one entitled “Memoranda of Frank’s Journey.” With his wonted thoroughness and accuracy in details, he had noted down the incidents of the journey, the places where they tarried for a night, with often a brief description of the Koordish villages and the rough houses. The reception of the newcomers by the missionaries and people found a place in this paper, and then Mr. Gates had turned to ancient history and traced out the history

of Diarbekir and Nisibis and other places in the vicinity of the mission, gathering all the information he could concerning the past history of places in whose present history he had become so deeply interested. He studied the Mardin missionary work not only through the regular and frequent correspondence of his son, but through works of geography, history, biography, and travel. In his library, after its studious occupant was called hence, prominent place was found given to missionary literature. During the last years of his life this had been a chief topic of study with him. Soon after returning from business, at a time which most men devote to rest or recreation, his habit was to read and study on this and kindred themes, and then write out his own views. The unusual number of papers found since he left bear witness to the thoroughness and breadth of his investigations. One of these discusses the subject of "Coöperation in Turkey," with respect to the relations between the missions and the Turkish churches. This paper shows an acquaintance with the conditions of the field seldom attained by one not a resident of the Turkish empire. Another paper discusses "The Darkness of Heathenism," drawing from heathen nations its fearful illustrations. Another is on "Religious Sects in Turkey," in which the Greek and Armenian churches, the Maronites, the Jacobites, the Nestorian and the Roman Catholic churches and their peculiar doctrines, their numbers and influence are

clearly presented. There is a paper on "Turkish Missions," and another on the question: "What has been the result of the action of the American Board at Detroit in regard to Turkish Missions?" The same careful research and wise conclusions are manifest in them all.

All this study was not simply for his own refreshment. He realized that the work in foreign fields is dependent in a very large degree on the prayers and sympathetic support of the churches at home; and he used the information he had gathered to awaken such interest in the churches. He never failed to remember the missionary work in the prayers that ascended from the family altar night and morning. And as a help to prayer, he had a little book of "Missionary Items," in which he was wont to record the names of the missionaries, the dates of their arrival upon their fields, and the names and ages of their children. These items were a guide to his own prayers and often some little gift sent across the seas cheered the hearts of the lonely toilers with the assurance that they were remembered.

He often visited the neighboring churches at their monthly concert of prayer for missions and spoke to them of the work of the kingdom of Christ in words that glowed with enthusiasm. He sought accurate and full information concerning the students in the schools at Mardin, their homes, their character and attainments, and he made use of this information to interest individuals,

Sunday-schools, and churches in the home land in their support, although this involved the writing of many letters on his part. He kept a record into which he copied extracts from missionary letters, so as to make up a short sketch of each student's life, and from this record he drew the material for letters which seldom failed to win a favorable response. He helped to build and furnish the school at Mardin by frequent gifts of money. When the mission field was smitten with famine, he was active in collecting and forwarding generous sums for the relief of the sufferers, while his weekly letters were a constant source of cheer and strength to the missionary. It would be hard to find a clearer example of the participation of the individual at home in the work abroad than is given in the life of Mr. Gates. He went into all the world and preached the gospel as truly as if he had gone in person. He wrote at least one letter a week to his son, and often more, and these letters came to be expected as one expects daily food. His son leaned on them, knowing that he was sure to find in them comfort and counsel for his work. In the fall of 1881, while the son was on his way to the field, came the cheering words : —

Grandma Moore has the right of it ; the short way to our friends is by the way of heaven. Only a prayer up and an answer down ! Oh, how sweet to have such a sense of a personal Christ and a personal Father as makes us restful at the mercy-seat !



And a little later he wrote : —

Remember that what God said to Moses, when he called him to go down to Pharaoh, is just as true for you : “ Certainly I will be with thee ” (Ex. 3 : 12). Lean heavily on him and you will be stayed up. Endure hardship as a good soldier and your Captain will lead you to victory.

*December 2, 1881.* — I hope God will give you all needed wisdom and grace for the duties of your station and that you will be able to give good counsel to native teachers and churches ; but in this make haste slowly. Prove yourself first, then your friends, and then you can draw them by the bands of sympathy as well as sound logic.

*April 23, 1882.* — Our hearts go out to you, our prayers go up for you every day. Sometimes the tears will come and blur the vision, as we read and meditate upon your letters and the life we see through them, but it is not in any spirit of wavering or drawing back. No, no, my son ! As I look back, about the only consolation I have is that through God I have been able to help you to a preparation for this great work. So far as my own direct labors are concerned, they seem but as ashes scattered to the winds or water poured out upon the ground.

One letter expressed the faith which made it possible to dismiss anxiety for the absent one :—

*August 17, 1882.* — Of course our papers are full of rumors about Egyptian and Turkish affairs, of declarations of war by fanatical Moslem leaders, in which

all Christian dogs are to be exterminated; and such headlines are not soothing to mothers. I am too far away to judge correctly of the issue, but of this I am persuaded: God never calls his servants into a field where he is not able to take care of them. "Go, . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." We believe he called you to Turkey and Mardin, and that he has you in his divine care and keeping, and there we propose to leave you with daily prayer for your guidance and protection.

In 1883 the missionary son returned to his home for four months, and went back to his field with a wife by his side. One more household was linked to the mission field, and Mr. Gates was drawn closer to his old friend, S. M. Moore, because his daughter had gone to set up the new home in Turkey. Together they bade farewell to the loved son and daughter, and watched them fade from their sight as they sailed out of New York harbor. Mr. Gates had written a letter to be delivered on board the vessel. In it he said:—

*My dear children Frank and Nellie,*—When you read these lines I shall be on my way across plains and mountains westward, and you on your way across the ocean eastward, toward your new home on the plains and among the mountains whence came Abraham of old. Each passing hour will increase the distance between us by the measurements of earth, but we shall be nearer and nearer each other by the way of the throne of heavenly grace. I go to my work in Chicago, you to your work in Mardin—and

the work is one. It is our work to leave the impress of our Lord and Master upon those with whom we come in contact. Yours is especially a glorious calling, and has had through all the ages the peculiar blessing of Him who came to seek and to save the lost. To you are many very tender and precious promises and they are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus our Lord. Don't fail to let me know in what ways I can help you, for it will be my greatest joy to second you in your labors of love.

His prayer often repeated for his son was: "God bless you and make you a winner of souls!" And from that time on his letters bore at the head of the page the motto: "Turkey for Christ!" Nothing less than that could satisfy him.

That same year he occupied the time of an evening service at the First Congregational Church, reading a paper which he had prepared for the Illinois Home Missionary Society, on "The Great and Pressing Demand for Ministers in the Home Field." After showing the urgent and immediate need of two hundred men, and the further need of one hundred and fifty men each year, he urged the necessity of a mighty volume of prayer to be going up from all the churches in order that the young men in our colleges and preparatory schools might be consecrated to this work; and then he laid it tenderly upon the hearts of fathers and mothers at once to select one at least from each family group and give to the Lord by a solemn setting apart for this service, so that son or daughter

should know that he was thus dedicated, and then, by prayer and daily influence, to coöperate with the Holy Spirit in bringing about the ratification of the covenant. He said: "Somehow God seems to have laid this burden upon my heart and I must carry it home to the people."

To his son his letters supplied in large measure the lack of stimulating and inspiring influences in the Turkish empire. A few extracts will show something of their power:—

*November 4, 1883.*—Turkey for Christ! My earnest prayer for you is that you may come more and more into the light of His countenance and may feel more and more the undergirdings of His love. You have work in laying foundations, work in the line of literature and teaching, but along with them all nothing can compensate for a lack of personal effort and success in winning individual souls. In that work we seem to come into closer intimacy and fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit than in anything else. Jesus died to achieve that work and the Holy Spirit is sent to make it effectual, and we are called to be co-laborers with them and to enter into their fellowship.

I am confidently expecting to hear of great things in Mardin this winter. Single out a few of the most spiritually-minded native Christians, and, with the missionaries, band together to pray and labor until the blessing comes. The Lord Jesus spent the whole night in prayer previous to selecting his twelve disciples. It seems to me God is constantly saying to us, "O ye of little faith!" Oh, for such power in

prayer as signalized Moses, Samuel, Daniel, and that host of ancient worthies, and not less the consecrated workers of our day. We trust ourselves too much, and of course are taught our own weakness by severe lessons, when we ought day by day to be testing more and more the power and grace of God in answer to his challenge: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse."

*December 9, 1891.* — I will only repeat what I have so often urged before: — Have a plan of study and stick to it. A few moments each day, systematically used, will accomplish wonders. Keep your Hebrew fresh. There is so much in that land to make it interesting, and its value is great in reading the Old Testament; and keep your Greek fresh for the New Testament, and with all this be much in prayer for the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit to give not merely the true interpretation but such quick apprehension of the circumstances in any given case as shall secure the word in season to the souls that wait on your ministry. The induement with power must come from on high, but God can use a well-furnished mind more effectively than a poorly disciplined one. The more I know of men the more fully persuaded I am that we want our best men to preach to the masses. We want also house-to-house work that shall make men feel that we have not simply a preaching interest in them. Of all places, keep poor men away from missionary fields at home and abroad. Laying foundations is important work, and bad work there endangers every course that shall be built above. God says to you: "Bring in the tithes," that is, all your gifts, — all you can do or make of yourself, — "and see if

I will not pour out my blessing upon them." Make yourself as efficient as possible that with some gift you may win souls to the Master. Oh, for a revival in Mardin! We pray for it daily.

*January 18, 1884.* — Turkey for Christ! First of all, we have prayed with great longing that you might be filled with the Holy Spirit and fitted for your work, and that the native church at Mardin might be revived and quickened and made instrumental in winning souls to Christ. Somehow it has seemed to me as I have wrestled with God for you that the answer was given: "Behold, I will pour out my Spirit upon them." We long for the good news. How it would gladden our hearts! The Lord bless you and keep you in health of body and clearness of intellect, but above all in such health of soul as shall make you mighty for the proclamation of the truth and the winning of souls. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" That question means to you and to me that the winning of one soul from eternal death to life eternal outweighs in God's estimate the winning of the whole world for however noble a purpose outside of the one great end for which Christ died and rose again.

*February 3, 1884.* — My heart was gladdened to hear that there were manifestations of the Holy Spirit's presence in your Week of Prayer and that the meetings were to be continued. It has seemed to me that the blessing must come. I have borne your native church and the dear missionary circle on my bended knees before the mercy-seat day in and day out, and week in and week out, ever since you went back. And as I read Dr. Thom's account of the communion service and his action and that of the committee and church



tears came into my eyes for very joy. Oh, that you may be blessed beyond all our thought!

*March 15, 1884.* — Your letter gave us great joy. Who can doubt that God hears and answers prayer! For all the weeks and months before January 1, I had such burden for you all that God would give grace and wisdom and that the churches and pastors and helpers might receive a fresh baptism from on high, and then, somehow, I felt the burden lifted. I prayed on, but with thanksgivings, and more than once I said: “I feel sure that the blessing is being received in Mardin.” The longer I live and the more I study God’s Word and providence, the more persuaded I am that the fervent effectual prayers of God’s people are very precious in his sight.

April 21, 1884, after the death of Mrs. Moore, he wrote: —

And now, dear ones, if we can only take the inspiration that our heavenly Father seeks to send us through this affliction, how blessed it will be for us! Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord! — there is no doubt about that. Your mother has gone into the rest that remaineth for the people of God, but God spares us — for what? Ah, if we could only answer that question in our lives; for the great end that we may glorify Him. And how can we most and best glorify him? By bearing much fruit, by coming into closer sympathy with Jesus Christ in his great work of saving souls. Yesterday morning ushered in my sixtieth birthday, and your mother said: “Now you are entitled to rest.” But it seemed to me that if I ever got to heaven I would



look back with more pleasure upon that birthday if it were spent pleading with men in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and so I went out to plead for city missions.

At the opening of each new year he would write: "I have given you the first writing of my pen for this new year." January 1, 1888, he wrote:

I have sent up my prayer for a New Year's blessing, and God may have given it rich and full already, but for thirty days you cannot know of my thought through this letter. How much better is the way to Mardin by way of heaven! I plead last night with God for a rich blessing upon you and Nellie, Mr. and Mrs. Dewey, Miss Nutting, Miss Dewey, the pastor and all the native church and all the workers, during this Week of Prayer. I expect to hear good news of the precious work of grace. I thank God that he is able to accomplish very much with very feeble instrumentalities. You may be helping to train a man who may be to Turkey what Huss was to Bohemia; what Luther was to Germany; Calvin to France, and John Knox to Scotland. The kingdom of heaven is like unto a woman who hid a handful of leaven in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. What we want is true Christian leaven to put among the masses everywhere, and in God's good time they will be leavened. But alas, if the leaven has lost its life or the salt its savor!

His interest in missions took practical shape in many ways. He gladly paid the freight on his son's outfit in order that the money of the Board might

be free to go in other directions, in which, he said, many would be glad to give who would not give for such an object as that. He wrote words of commendation when an unusually good number of *The Missionary Herald* appeared, and he purchased and distributed many copies of the Board's yearly Almanac, hoping thus to kindle an interest in missions.

In 1881 he was made a corporate member of the Board, and wrote acknowledging the appointment: "I have received the certificate of corporate membership in your society, and, though feeling myself unworthy of the trust, I hereby accept it, looking unto Him who has promised wisdom and grace unto all who diligently seek them. I appreciate the responsibility resting upon the members of such an organization and cannot hope to be of great service to you, but to the extent of my ability I will try to do what I can to help on the good work to which you are committed."

He was much in demand for addresses at missionary meetings and monthly concerts. Often he would take up the life of some missionary and study it until he had made himself familiar with the conditions of that field and the details of the missionary's work, and then in his simple yet graphic way portray it to the great interest and profit of the hearers. Many such sketches are among his papers, and these addresses did much to awaken and sustain the interest of the churches in the foreign work.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOME MISSIONS.

WITH Mr. Gates the field of Christian activity was one, whether the operations were to be conducted at home or abroad. Having given a son to the work in foreign lands, he returned from the seaport where he had said farewell, to take up with renewed earnestness the work in his own city and country.

Professor Samuel Ives Curtiss, D.D., had been called in 1878 to the chair of Old Testament Literature and Biblical Interpretation in the Chicago Theological Seminary. He united sound biblical learning with an earnest evangelistic spirit. He soon began to make explorations in the western part of the city with a view to establishing missions which could be worked by students from the seminary, and eventually grow into self-supporting churches. This idea commended itself to Mr. Gates, and he seconded Professor Curtiss' efforts with much earnestness and enthusiasm. They were both at that time members of the First Congregational Church. The proposition was made that the first missions should be worked under the fostering care of the First Church, as branches of it. Mr. Gates did all in his power to assist in carrying out the plan, which commanded his

hearty approval and interest. Professor Curtiss says : —

He never allowed any good cause to suffer through waiting and indecision when it was in his power to help. He was quick to see and embrace an opportunity. He stimulated the spirit of city missions in the churches with which he was connected. In 1879 an appeal was sent to the pastor of the First Congregational Church to provide \$450 to secure preaching in three missions. The money was raised at once in a meeting of the Prudential Committee ; largely, there is reason to believe, through the example and encouragement of Mr. Gates. This response was timely and had a most important influence in developing our branches. He was an important member of the committee which formulated the plan of our branch churches. None of us who were then members with him of the First Church can forget the enthusiasm with which he led the way in taking up the work at the Randolph Street Mission and how he shared in the labors of that noble enterprise.

He was himself superintendent of that mission for nearly two years, and employed a Bible reader to work in the homes of the people and obtain information as to their temporal and spiritual condition. His sympathies were at once enlisted with the people of that destitute district. He found his way into their homes, and by personal contact with them informed himself of the condition of those he was trying to help. In a letter to his son he wrote : —

One of our mission-school children was dying this afternoon and is probably at rest ere this. Miss Alford, the visitor, told me of the family and the boy's condition ; and so, as soon as I had opened the school, I went up to see them at No. 10 North Halsted Street. The poor little fellow was past recognizing any one, dying by inches. I could do nothing but say a few words of sympathy and take each member of the family by the hand. The older sister said the little fellow pleaded hard last Sunday to be dressed and taken to the mission school, that he might hear the children sing again. Who can measure the power of these songs ? And who knows but they were used by the Spirit as the medium of showing to his soul Jesus the Saviour for him ? It was a pleasant thought to me. And it was pleasant to receive the kindly greeting of the parents and older brothers. I said to myself, Only be faithful in sowing beside all waters, and God will care for the seed, that it fail not of fruition.

A little later he wrote : —

Only as we can see in every man, woman, and child the outlined possibilities of a new creature in Christ Jesus, can we have the completest success, nay, any success, in winning souls. Oh, if we could only see the jewels hidden beneath ill-shapen exteriors and rough garments as Christ saw them, how we would work to dress away the roughness and bring out the precious stones and put them into new settings ! I am ashamed of professing Christians sometimes when I hear them talk of “ the lower classes,” the “ mudsills,” “ niggers,” “ pigtailed,” etc., as if it never entered their

minds or touched their hearts that God “hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” and sent his only begotten Son into the world to suffer and die for them, that not one need perish, but that all should know Him whom to know aright is eternal life. It makes my heart ache as I look upon the uncared-for children upon the streets and think of their future lives. Men and women give money and widen the chasm. What is needed is to give loving, personal service. That would clear away all the mists from the spiritual vision of the givers and make them know the doctrine of Christ; and then, how it would bridge over the valley full of all uncleanness that is daily separating the two ends of society more and more widely! Where does woman come nearer to the angel than when with modest dress she enters the homes of sin and suffering and with gentle ways watches beside the beds of the sick and ministers to their wants; puts God’s cup of salvation to the lips of the dying and teaches the little ones to say “Our Father who art in heaven”? Oh, for a new baptism to come down from heaven upon women!

At the end of the first year of his service as superintendent of this mission, he gave a report in which he outlined his thoughts regarding the kind of work needed in the destitute parts of the city. He said:—

I hope ere long, through the labors of an intelligent Bible worker, to know the number of families in all this district, and the facts relating to them as to nationality, church connection and the lack of it, occupation,



number and names of children and their ages, whether they attend day-schools or not, what Sabbath-schools they are connected with, if any, and who among them need temporal help as well as spiritual. I propose when possessed of these facts to have them so recorded that they can be easily turned to, and the names of families placed in pencil upon maps drawn upon a large scale. I will use pencil so that when removals and changes occur the old names can be erased and the new ones inserted, thus keeping a live map of each block.

In setting forth the needs of that work, he placed first the need of consecration, and later he drew out a plan of city mission work which he ever kept in mind, and toward the realization of which he was ever striving, in one field and another.

We want a HOME for such work. In my judgment there should be on every half-mile square of the neglected portions of this and every other city of our land a center of religious work, not in any strictly denominational sense or way, but Christlike, all-comprehensive. During the last year, again and again have the children asked if we could not have meetings to which their parents could come; but our hall is engaged every night of the week in the interest of trades unions and labor societies of various kinds. As the result of my observations on my field, I am sure that a home or building of this kind should give ample accommodation for a small family, the heads of which should have general and particular care of the



whole, keeping it neat and clean and suitably warmed and properly lighted for all meetings. It ought to have on its first floor a pleasant room, well-ventilated, warmed and lighted by night, under the care of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, if you please, with "WELCOME TO ALL" as fully and clearly displayed upon its lamps as "TOM AND JERRY" are upon the saloons. I would have in charge a suitable matron or man to welcome every wanderer that crossed the threshold, and make his call a pleasant and profitable one. I would have papers there for the poor man to read the daily news; and, to keep him from temptation, I would have somewhere in the room a counter where in winter a cup of hot coffee and a sandwich could be procured for five cents, and in summer some cooling drinks, with a pleasant word of interest thrown in. I would have on the tables for reading and for free distribution such pithy presentations of the laws of health, temperance, Sabbath-keeping, personal and family economy and thrift, as would be helpful in the households. On every hand I would have posted prominently notices of the Sunday-school and Bible classes, with invitations to attend. I would have in the building a well-arranged group of rooms for the Sunday-school, Bible classes, infant class, etc., so arranged that they could be easily thrown together for general exercises and preaching services. I would have in this building the place where the Industrial School work of the district should center, supplementing the work of the Sunday-school and of the Bible readers. There the mothers should be gathered for familiar talks by suitable leaders upon practical subjects relating to the care of children, the best methods

of cooking ordinary articles of food for relish, economy, and value, hints as to housekeeping, and such instruction in the rudiments of art and good taste as shall enable them with an insignificant outlay of money to make beautiful to husband and children the one window and the circumscribed walls of their narrow homes. I would have on this building a cheerful, clear-toned bell that should ring out upon the surrounding neighborhood its invitations to services by day and by night, and at the open door below that bell I would always have in waiting warm-hearted, cheerful-looking, pleasant-speaking men and women, giving personal invitation to enter and enjoy the service. I would have a working room in this home which should be the depository for statistics of the district, so complete, so constantly reviewed and renewed that it should at any time afford information of the suffering that needed either temporal or spiritual relief; and I would make this Home a safe channel for gifts to the really poor and needy.

I believe that such a work is needed and is practicable; and steadily carried out, would clasp the avenues and alleys with something better than hooks of steel—even the bonds of Christlike love. It is sadly true that many homes in this great city are not Christian in spirit and life. What is our duty in regard to them? Simply to make them Christian by doing just what the Master did and commanded his disciples to do—let the blessed influences of Christianity radiate into all the homes of the city. To do this is not an easy task, but it is the appointed work of Christians, and woe be to them if they neglect it!

This extract from his report shows what his thought was in regard to the social problems which he studied constantly from the standpoint of a servant of Christ. He was deeply impressed with the importance and power of personal influence and individual effort. He considered that these are after all the main factors on the human side in the work of reforming and Christianizing the masses. He wrote to his son, January 22, 1882:—

I have been thinking of several things, and among others this: Why are not the windows of heaven opened and a blessing poured out in answer to our Week of Prayer? Perhaps the short cut to the correct answer would be found by changing the question and making it more personal: Why am I not blessed? Would not this way of putting the question be the first step toward obtaining the blessing with very many? It seems to me that there are two tendencies, not to say how many more, that stand in the way of the desired result. First, churches look too much to machinery that, after all, can be purchased with money. Not that machinery is not necessary; it is quite necessary; but fine churches and chapels, good music, a popular and entertaining minister, an efficient church visitor, etc., may be, and I fear often are consistent with spiritual deadness in the rank and file of the church. Said a professing Christian to whom I applied for help and invited him to visit the charity: "Oh, you must be contented if I give you the money and you do the work." Would not Christ have something to say to such an one, if he could get his ear? Along this same line churches ask for extra efforts

with some great leader to rouse into temporary activity the working force of the church. Now in all these things there is a quiet resting upon money as that which (to use a coarse but emphatic expression) makes the mare go. As one goes over the pages of the Old Testament, and still more the New, how all such thinking and acting are rebuked! How the individual is called out from the crowd and set face to face with God, and plied with questions that pierce to the inmost depths and unlock chambers of the soul that will not bear the light! When we, as church members, hear God speaking to each one of us and saying, "What are you going to do about it?" then "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse" will have a personal bearing that means something. Giving money is a good thing, but it will not answer as a substitute for personal work for Christ. I have been struck by the pleas urged against the Week of Prayer by good people this year: "It comes in a very bad time for business men, when they have so much to do in striking balances, taking account of stock, and preparing for annual meetings"; "I really don't think anybody has a right to impose on us a whole week of prayer just at the holidays, when we must exchange congratulations and have party gatherings"; and again, "It is too bad to have the Week of Prayer just when the boys are home from college for a few days, and we want to make it pleasant for them." These are hasty remarks, but they come from the heart and show the drift of the current down these lines. Suppose one of these Christian mothers spending time and strength to get up and carry through a great entertainment, right in the midst of the Week of Prayer, for

the sake of her college boy, should meet the Jehovah angel in her dressing-room just as the last touches have been given to hair and costume, and hear the question, What do you most covet for your boy? Would the visitor and the question add to the pleasure of the evening? And as she numbered among her guests many who, rather than slight her invitation, have concluded to forego the prayer-meeting for that evening, would the reflection increase her power with God in the secret place of devotion? When Christian men and women have gone out into the highways, like the apostles, and preached to men the words of eternal life, there have been wonderful conversions of drunkards and harlots and thieves; but our churches slide back from the effort of extra prayer-meetings into the pleasanter work of receptions, and all goes merry as a marriage bell. Oh, for personal cries out of the depths, O Lord, revive thy work in my heart!

In the second place it seems to me that if our pastors preached as if certain things were to be taken for granted and not to be forever debated, we should have more of the direct, personal "Thou art the man," that drives home conviction and brings out the confession, "I have sinned against the Lord." I find so much evil in my own heart and life that I would speak with great carefulness about those to whom is committed the unsearchable riches of the Word; but I notice that those who handle the Word with directness and simplicity seem to have the most power given them from on high. Dear son, let us pray that we and all we love may dwell more and more in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of his wings. Then we shall certainly know more of his will,

for we shall each for himself do more and more of his bidding. The greater frequency of bodily ailments that lay me by and leave me shorn of my power ought to make me more open to all spiritual suggestions and keep me attuned to the harmonies of the better life; but alas for the power of old habits, the tyranny of business, the abject slavery of toil pursued for unworthy ends!

It was his ardent desire that the neglected classes of the city should be reached, which caused him to hail with delight the formation of the Chicago City Missionary Society. He was active in all the preliminary meetings which led to its formation. Says Professor Curtiss: "The Chicago City Missionary Society was largely the product of his mind. It is true that no one man was the founder of our City Missionary Society. When our churches were made aware of the needs of the city, there were men raised up by the Lord, who were admirably fitted to work together. But there was no one man on the original committee of seven who prepared the way for the society and who drafted its constitution, that did more to form and develop it than Mr. Gates."

He was far from claiming any such honor for himself. He was not seeking praise for himself, but for his Master. He was quick to recognize the services of others and give them their due merit. In speaking to the Lincoln Park Church regarding the City Missionary Society, he said: "It is less necessary to speak of its beginnings and



growth in this church than almost anywhere else, for your beloved pastor was largely responsible for the thought of it. We shall not soon forget that first public meeting, held in the lecture room of the Union Park Church, to consider the religious destitution of the city. How the facts gathered, arranged, and presented by Rev. Burke F. Leavitt smote upon our ears, stirred our minds, and touched our hearts, and how his faithful labors and wise counsels helped the band of busy men who met from week to week to compare notes and formulate plans for the work!"

Rev. J. C. Armstrong, superintendent of city missions, writes of the beginnings of the City Missionary Society in these words: "During the autumn of 1881 the question of city evangelization began to be discussed by the Chicago Ministers' Union. Attention was called to the fact that Chicago, like other large cities, was growing more rapidly in population and in material wealth than in churches. It was found that there were large tracts, some of them a mile square, without a church or Sunday-school. At the close of the discussion of the city's needs, held February 6, 1882, a committee, of which Mr. Gates was a member, was appointed to secure a conference of the churches at an early day to inaugurate a thorough system of city evangelization."

The call for this conference was issued on the twenty-first of February, and it met in the Union Park Church on the second of March and listened



to statements of the spiritual destitution of Chicago from Rev. B. F. Leavitt and others, of which Mr. Gates, acquainted as he was with the facts, said: "They almost staggered our belief." Later Mr. Gates said of these facts: "It is found that a single district with only two Protestant evangelical churches embraces a population as great as that of the entire New West. A single ward with one Protestant church and two Sunday-schools has a population as large as that of Peoria or Quincy, with all their churches; and one district almost entirely without English Protestant efforts of any kind numbers seventy-five thousand people, and the population is growing more rapidly than ever before. In the providence of God, it will depend largely upon our efforts whether the oncoming generation in these districts receives the gospel or not."

The meeting in Union Park Church was one of intense interest, and it adjourned to meet in the New England Church, April 6. Over one hundred and twenty-five ministers and laymen, representatives of the churches, assembled there and decided to recommend to the churches the appointment of seven gentlemen from the various congregations as an Executive Committee of Missionary Effort, and to apportion the necessary expenses among the churches. The members of the committee were C. F. Gates, R. E. Jenkins, W. E. Hale, S. M. Moore, F. S. Hanson, G. F. Ensign, and Rev. Burke F. Leavitt.

“The meetings of that first committee,” says Mr. Armstrong, “were necessarily numerous, but the record shows that Mr. Gates was always present, even though at times only three were in attendance. He was made either chairman or a member of all the sub-committees appointed to raise funds, to publish the early reports, and to present the needs of the society in the various churches. The records of those first meetings are all in his handwriting. He spared neither time nor money to make the society what it is, the right hand of the churches in city evangelization. It was the fitting thing that he should be made the chairman of the first committee, and later president of the society which he had helped to incorporate. He retained this position until the annual meeting, held in April, 1887, when he resigned it. And so eminent had been his services and so highly was he appreciated that no one could be found willing to occupy the position he had vacated until the annual meeting of the following year. He was also one of the most faithful of the society’s committeemen. He was a member of three or four committees to the day of his death. In some cases he served in the capacity of an associate trustee of mission churches, meeting with them at regular intervals to discuss their financial problems, aiding them by his practical wisdom and by gifts from his own pocket when the society’s treasury was empty. It was his custom to visit various fields with the superintendent, that

he might see their wants and aid them, or that he might share in the joy of their triumphs. His presence carried cheer and courage to many struggling churches and missions."

His love for the churches and desire to help them were greater than his strength. He thus expressed himself to his son:—

I would love to go out with our home missionary superintendent among the churches, stirring them up to self-support and house-to-house work. It is for lack of cultivation that so many fields once beautiful are gone to waste. Our ministers should study Paul more as he went from house to house in Corinth for three years, the eagerness of his soul speaking through his tears.

And a little later he wrote:—

I am busy stirring up the weaker churches to vigorous lifting at the wheels before calling on Hercules, and also in inciting the stronger churches to pray and give the needed funds. With the depressed business of the year it makes my back ache sometimes, but I prefer to deny myself the expense of travel, concerts, lectures, etc., and lift steadily during these hard times when so many let go. Oh, how sick and tired I get of soliciting money!

All this was not accomplished without sacrifice and hard labor. In a letter to his son he wrote:

I have been placed by the churches at the head of the Evangelization Committee. I cannot act as chairman and assume the responsibilities of the position. I am overloaded now, and groan, being burdened.

His business made heavy drains upon his time and strength, but when he became convinced that it was his duty to assume these new burdens, he went right forward, although often days of business toil were followed by evenings of labor on committees for Christian work, for every day in the week. He made no complaint. Only to his son he wrote: —

So time gets filled to the full. Better wear out than rust out, but sometimes I get weary with the perpetual drag. Oh, for such uplifting by the Spirit of God as to make labor a joy because every part of it is a means to the one great end, the glory of God! The earth clasps us with a tight grip, while heaven draws so gently that we easily break away.

He was well aware that the burdens he was bearing were too many and too great for his strength, and that they were shortening his life. He wrote, April 23, 1882: —

On the twentieth instant, time marked off for me fifty-eight years of life. By the average tables of mortality there are left to me possibly fifteen years more, but with the extra strain put upon the working machinery for so many years of the fifty-eight, the internal evidence is against the mortuary tables.

But when once the question of duty was settled, it was with him as with the Apostle Paul. Though his lips were silent, his life said more eloquently than words: "I hold not my life of any account, as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my

course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." And yet at that same time he was so conscious of his own unworthiness that he wrote under date of June 10, 1882: "When I look upon my own life and see so little of God in it, so much of selfishness, so little of that which caused the Master to press right on to Jerusalem and the cross, I feel, at times, as if there could not be salvation for me." He thought he had nothing to offer his Master, but to his friends he seemed to be truly giving his life for others.

A little later he wrote: "It seems as if each week brought a little addition of burden and care, and sometimes I long for rest."

He was not contented with the mere performance of the official duties which fell to him in the society, but gave personal efforts and sympathy as well. He said in describing the work of the society: —

A second line of work is the assistance of the weaker churches already planted on missionary fields which have attained more or less of growth and development. From our experience and observation we are persuaded that, in many cases, money, though essential, is by no means the most precious gift we can bestow upon such organizations. They need sympathy in their struggles, advice in their church and society affairs, words of cheer in their prayer-meetings; in short, a practical giving to them of the right hand of fellowship. It is only in this way that we can understand their needs,

and so time our pecuniary help as to make it most effectual in keeping them out of the slough of discouragement and stimulating them to fresh and more vigorous endeavors.

He carried out this principle in his own practice, and was often seen and heard in the meetings of the weak churches and missions, where his visits came to be hailed with gladness for the cheer and hope they brought. He was quick to see and improve opportunities for helping these churches. In one of his visits he saw that a certain church would in time need to enlarge its building, so he purchased the adjacent lots and held them until the time came when they were needed. The pastor of one of the weak churches had incurred a debt while acquiring his education which he had never been able to pay off. Mr. Gates learned this fact. The pastor made an address at a public gathering which was very well received. Mr. Gates seized the opportunity to remove that load. He whispered his thought to one and another, and in a few moments the money was subscribed and the pastor relieved of the burden he had carried so long. Overcome with emotion, he could only grasp Mr. Gates' hand and say, "I thank you." To help another was a joy to Mr. Gates.

But the neglected classes of the city lay upon his heart with especial solicitude. He longed to see the work of the City Missionary Society prosecuted vigorously in the most needy districts. He urged that the name of the society should be the



Chicago City Missionary Society, not the Chicago Congregational City Missionary Society, hoping that it would furnish a platform so broad that all denominations might work upon it for the neglected ones of the city. In 1883 he read an address before the Congregational Club, which was remarkable, not only for its thorough treatment of the subject, but for its literary merits as well. It was published in a pamphlet under the title, "The Needs of Chicago." In this address the desire of his heart for the neglected classes found expression, as he spoke of the work which the society was called to do: —

Labor in and for the neglected districts of the city: districts where pawnshops flourish and absorb the accumulations of former thrift and often the gifts of charity; where saloons, with all their power for evil, keep open doors by day and night; where vice takes no pains to conceal itself and crime finds many a refuge; where such homes as our memory recalls are few indeed, but children swarm in the streets and alleys; where there are no steeples pointing upwards to heaven, no church bells calling men and women to the place of prayer; where too often sickness and death come without any of those blessed ministries that marked the life of Him who went about doing good. We speak of them as *neglected*, and so they are by us; but they are not neglected by the politicians. In them are the precincts where repeating is a trade, and where all that is necessary is to know the majority needed, and for the proper consideration it is immediately forthcoming. They are not neglected



by the arch-enemy of souls. Oh, how he plies his recruiting business all up and down their streets and alleys! How he watches for the boys and girls and spreads his nets about their pathways! How he lures them into poolrooms and concert-halls, and laughs with fiendish joy as they take their first steps in the downward course that leads through idleness, intemperance, lust, and crime, to everlasting shame and death! Once in a while the veil is lifted from some of these districts by the public press and the community is shocked at the revelations. But, alas for us! we have become so used to the daily recitals of vice and crime that we are conscience-seared and soon relapse into indifference.

Then, after setting forth the facts as to the spiritual destitution of some of these districts, he adds:—

What shall be done for such districts? I answer, just what was done for the great cities in the early days of the church. Philip went down to the city of Samaria and proclaimed Christ unto them, and there was great joy among the people. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, and his co-laborers were chiefly engaged in the great cities of their times; and at Antioch, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Rome, we get glimpses of their labors that show how deeply they had partaken of the spirit of the Master and entered into his plans. “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” Only in our case we should read, beginning at Chicago instead of Jerusalem. Divine Providence has armed the religion of Christ with power adapted for aggression upon the

ignorance, the vice, the misery which we seek to enlighten, to purify, and to mitigate, and to it we must look for final victory.

The method of pushing such work, Mr. Gates held, was by establishing in each sub-district of the city such a Mission House or church as was described at the beginning of this chapter. "Work of this kind," he said "ought to be done simply In His Name, and without any regard to denominational lines; but if we cannot secure that union of all Christians that would enable us to occupy many fields at once, let us, as Congregationalists and citizens, at least enter some one such district and give a practical illustration of our thought and plan to which we can invite the attention of others and thus incite them to kindred enterprises."

The motives which urged him to such work as he described are not left for us to infer. He has himself thus recorded them: —

There is need of a deeper, keener sense of the value of human souls. The Lord Jesus Christ, with his infinite knowledge of the issues of this probationary existence, gave us the standard by which to measure it in those wonderful words, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And he expressed it still more emphatically by the price he willingly paid for their redemption. When we and the churches we represent enter into fellowship with him in his plans and purposes for those

in danger of eternal loss, then there will be hope for Chicago and every other city. We must have a fresh enduement of power from on high, a new and mightier baptism of that Spirit which wrought such marvels in the days of the apostles. Nothing short of this will furnish the men and women needed as teachers and visitors, the superintendents with personal magnetism, wisdom, zeal, and ability to organize and lead, the business men to give their supervision and practical aid in financial matters. That alone will fill our Theological Seminary with the choicest young men our families can furnish to be trained and fitted for missionaries to these thousands and thousands of practically heathen that live at our very doors.

In closing the address of which these words are a part, he said: —

Gentlemen, as Christians and as citizens of Chicago, this work is ours. We cannot expect any one else to do it. We ought not to indulge any such thought. In the name of the seventy-five thousand children of suitable age not in attendance upon any Sunday-school, and for most of whom no adequate provision is made for their accommodation, and in the name of the homes represented by these children, we plead that you will take this burden upon your hearts and carry it back to the churches you represent, until they shall answer to the call for laborers and money by an outpouring in keeping with the interests at stake.

Mr. Gates was in constant demand to address the churches on this theme. The superintendent of city missions says: "Mr. Gates rendered the

society invaluable service by the numerous addresses he made in its behalf. Its wants as voiced by him, either in carefully prepared papers or coming impromptu out of his full heart, were never heard without exciting interest. He was always in demand when our churches wanted to take a collection for the society, because he knew what to say and how to say it."

Frequently he was in receipt of calls to address three or four gatherings on the same Sabbath. He did not speak as an advocate for the society so much as he pleaded in the name of his Master. He never allowed the society to come between him and the Christ to whom he belonged and whom he served with such fidelity and singleness of purpose; and he never looked upon the work of the society of which he was president as his work, but only as the work of his Lord.

## CHAPTER X.

### WORK FOR THE BOHEMIANS.

DR. WRIGHT says of Mr. Gates: "The key to his character was loyalty. Whatever he believed his duty he did as an automaton obeys its motor. It never occurred to him to ask whether the duty was pleasant or painful. He simply did it, and found his satisfaction as an incident. This was illustrated in his use of money for benevolence. He never waited for the impulse of sympathy to move him, but gave — and his liberality has been rarely equaled — from principle and systematically. I remember when the idea was first suggested to him that the giving of a fixed portion of time for charitable purposes might be the teaching of the Jewish tithe system, as well as the giving of a certain proportion of income, he approved the suggestion and at once began to regulate his life in accordance with it.

"I do not know any other man so controlled as he was by the consciousness of stewardship. He felt that all he was and all he had belonged to God, and was entrusted to him as depositors entrust their money to a bank. When asked for help of any kind he considered that there were only two questions for him to decide: first, Was the signature genuine, that is, was it God's work?

second, Was he the banker on whom the check was drawn? In deciding these questions he was as little swayed by love of money or thought of self as any man I have ever known."

But his performance of duty was never mechanical. He loved the work of the Lord with all his heart, and found a satisfaction in it which he could not find in other things. His services to the cause of the Bohemians were services of love as well as the performance of a duty to which he felt that he was called of the Lord.

In the autumn of 1883, while attending the meeting of the American Board, Mrs. E. W. Blatchford had a conversation with Rev. H. A. Schauffler, who had recently begun his noble work among the Bohemians of Cleveland. The conversation turned to the thousands of Bohemians in Chicago and their needs, and Mrs. Blatchford urged Mr. Schauffler to come to Chicago and examine the field for work among the Bohemians. He came and a breakfast was given for him in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Blatchford, November 14, 1883. A number of persons interested in city missions assembled and listened to a statement of facts from Mr. Schauffler, which awakened their interest and aroused their sympathies. "What are you doing," asked Mr. Schauffler, "for the thirty-eight thousand Bohemians in your city?" They could only reply, "Nothing." "Chicago," he continued, "has the largest number of Bohemians of any city in the United States. The

Bohemian newspapers are teaching atheism, and many influences are at work which will make them dangerous to the welfare of the city and the state unless they can be brought under the power of the gospel."

From his large experience Mr. Gates was able instantly to understand the conditions under which work among the Bohemians might be undertaken with hopes of success. "It would be useless," he said to Mr. Schaufler, "to undertake such a work without the right sort of a man, one who thoroughly understands the Bohemians and their language." "You are right," answered Mr. Schaufler, "and I do not now know where the man is who is suited to this work, but if God wants the work taken up he can raise up the man, and you must be praying for him." Two or three months later Mr. Schaufler wrote: "God has answered your prayers, I believe, for dear Brother Adams, who was my associate in Prague, will probably not go back to Bohemia, and he is of all others the man for this work."

Two hundred dollars were raised to defray the expenses, and Rev. E. A. Adams came to Chicago to look over the field. The first meetings were held in a store rented for the purpose, on the corner of Twenty-first Street and Center Avenue, where a mission had been carried on for two or three years under the name of "The Lumbermen's Mission." This was relinquished for the distinctively Bohemian work, which was prosecuted there until



the first of April, 1886. The location was unfavorable, and there were many disadvantages from the lack of Sunday-school helps and literature of an evangelical character in the Bohemian language. At first the Bohemians were suspicious, and felt sure that there must be some ulterior design back of these efforts for their advancement.

Mr. Gates was very desirous that money be raised and a building erected at once; but he found it so hard to get people interested in the new enterprise that it was thought best to rent the building for one year and raise only the money for running expenses, with the hope that the results of a single year would so demonstrate the expediency of the work that all would recognize it.

He threw himself into this new work with all the ardor of his heart burning with love for the neglected classes. Not content with giving and raising money for the support of the mission, he placed himself at once by the side of Mr. Adams and his devoted family in their personal labors among the Bohemians. His health was never robust, and for many years it was always precarious; but in a closed buggy which he had built for the purpose he drove from his home to the field of his labors among the Bohemians, five miles away, and was never absent from his class in the Sabbath-school unless prevented by illness or absence from the city. In answer to the question why work for the Bohemians was undertaken he

said: "Why? Because God wanted it commenced and led us into it step by step."

The confidence that God was in the work upheld and sustained him in the struggle that followed. The store in which they met was soon crowded beyond its capacity. Four hundred and fifty children were crowded into a room which could not seat more than 285, and they were forced to close the doors, admitting only as many as they could seat. For a time two services were held, the children who presented red cards being admitted to one, and those who presented white cards to the other. The room was absolutely without ventilation and the air soon grew foul. In an appeal to the churches for help Mr. Gates said: "We are now crowded to such an extent that it is impossible to do good work, and the air is often so foul that it is quite seriously detrimental to health; indeed some excellent workers have had to give up going there because it made them sick." But neither foul air nor the winter storms kept him from the work in which he had enlisted. He wanted to know all about the people in whom he had become so deeply interested, so he applied himself to study, with his wonted accuracy and thoroughness, the geography and history of Bohemia. The results of this study appear in his papers. Among them we also find sketches of the lives of Bohemian heroes, and studies as to the number, character, and condition of the Bohemians in this country.

Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D., of St. Louis, has recorded the following in regard to Mr. Gates' work for the Bohemians: —

The sight of this single-minded and simple-hearted business man giving himself so unselfishly to help them and their children produced an impression in the Bohemian community, hardened as it is by infidel teachings and anarchical clubs, which was deepened by the following incident: Mr. Gates had purchased three unoccupied lots in the edge of the Bohemian district, the only lots which could then be obtained, and he was holding them until the money could be raised to build a chapel. He had been sick for a few weeks, and on his return to the field he discovered that a brick building was going up on one of his lots. He began to make inquiries in the neighborhood, and soon found himself surrounded by an eager and excited crowd whose words he could but imperfectly understand. He gathered from what he heard that a Bohemian was putting the savings of many years into a house on a lot which he had mistaken for his own. In the course of a few days he sent for the man to come to his office. He came, accompanied by a Bohemian lawyer; but Mr. Gates amazed and delighted him by transferring the lot to him at the price at which he had acquired it, with the addition only of interest on the investment. Meanwhile the account of the situation had spread among the Bohemians, and they were commenting upon it. "Now," it was said, "you will see what these Christians are after. They will get you into their power, and then squeeze every dollar out of you" — with more to the same effect.

When at last the facts were known the revulsion of feeling was tremendous. This quiet pale-faced business man, who came so regularly from his beautiful home and his great business, in all weathers, to teach them about Jesus Christ, was generous after a fashion which they could not understand.

Mr. Gates wrote concerning this new work to which he had set his hand : —

It certainly looks as if the Lord were leading us into that field, and as if the way had been prepared for a bountiful harvest by-and-by. Of course it will be slow, save as the Spirit is manifest in power and gives efficacy to the work ; but the young Bohemians have lost all faith in the Catholic Church, and want something better than the atheistical tirades served out to them in their communistical halls.

From the first he had large views of the methods of work to be used, and desired that suitable provision be made in the new building for many lines of effort. In June, 1884, he wrote to his son : —

My health has not been sufficiently vigorous the last few weeks to admit of as much work as I ought to have done in view of the demands of our Bohemian work, which is to be taken up permanently by Rev. E. A. Adams next September. We must have lots and a building, and I want one with a high basement and two stories. The basement is to be used for a reading-room and kindergarten ; the first floor for the Sunday-school, Bible classes, and preaching services ; and the second floor shall have rooms for the

janitor and the Bohemian missionary, and for societies, and one or two bedrooms for missionaries who may carry on special work in French, Norwegian, and Swedish. I wish that our business was profitable just now, that I might spare larger sums for this work and that I could labor more hours without such depressing weariness of body and mind.

Shortly after this he wrote again : —

I mean to ease off in the line of business, but expect to have my hands full of Christian work, much of which involves care and anxiety. For your expressions of love, confidence, and respect, I thank you. My life has been to me one of many failures and much hard service ; I have other things to live for besides money. With so much wealth assured to our country by the abundant harvests, it seems as if there must come a change for the better in business before long, and I hope to so organize my business as to have more leisure for travel and work for the Master. [It was his long-cherished desire to visit his son in his missionary field.] I have no desire to amass a fortune, but I do love to be able to give for Christ's work and to help my children. Oh, for more of Christ ! This is the want of the Church ; it is my want. "Thou, O Christ, art all I want !" If each professed follower were really filled with Christ, how the world would ring with notes of victory !

At this time his life was one incessant round of activity. Frequently he would attend three missions on the Sabbath besides the morning service of the New England Church. Leaving his home

at eight o'clock in the morning in order to arrive at the Bohemian Mission in time for the English Sunday-school, which was held at nine o'clock, he would teach his class of girls and return to the New England Church, arriving, as he often said "in time for the collection," which he considered an important part of the service. In the afternoon he often went to the Sedgewick Street Mission, which had been established by the New England Church largely through his efforts, where he would teach a class if any were left without a teacher. The hour of evening service often found him in some mission church.

He was a thorough and systematic Bible student and an interesting teacher. His habits of Bible study made it possible for him on short notice to explain the meaning of Scripture passages, illustrating the truth with the results of his close observation and ripe experience. On one occasion, entering the little church in the village where he was spending the summer, he was informed that the preacher who was expected had failed them, and he was invited to occupy the pulpit. He gave a talk full of interest and spiritual helpfulness, which held the attention of all. Among the papers he has left are notebooks filled with the results of his searching study of the Sunday-school lessons, and papers on such themes as the following: Laying aside the Weights, The Child Jesus, The Tabernacle, The Practical Nature of the Christian Religion, The Bible Doctrine of



Responsibility applied to Corporations, Spirituality, The Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. With him a clear word of God was the end of every matter, and it was to the Word of God that he was accustomed to go for guidance, inspiration, and strength. This habit of recourse to the Word and patient study and comparison of its passages made him an instructive and inspiring speaker.

His own estimate of his services, however, was a very modest one, and in the last years of his life he gave frequent expression to his sense of sin and shortcoming. January 1, 1885, he wrote to his son: —

I have been housed up since last Saturday night by a cold and its effects. When I catch cold at this time of the year it shakes me all to pieces and leaves me so weak that I lose my grasp on Him who should be my covert and hiding-place in all such hours. Physical weakness has something to do with it no doubt, but lack of faith and entire consecration lie close behind the trouble and, I am afraid, are the sources of it. I am sorry to have my income cut off at this time of year for two reasons: first, because it will be impossible to give as much for the spread of the gospel as I have been giving; and second, because it may require some more self-denial in personal expenses than we have practiced of late years. And yet perhaps the heavenly Father saw that I needed to give more of sympathy and personal help in winning souls and that I had unwittingly been doing my work by proxy altogether too much.



He was wont to say that we must invest *ourselves* in the Master's work.

In August, 1886, he again gave expression to his consciousness of ill-desert: —

Surely if our God were not longsuffering and ready to pardon abundantly all who go to him with broken and contrite hearts there would be nothing left for us but despair. The longer I live the more the sense of the sinfulness of my own heart alarms me. I find, as Paul found, that the old, carnal heart is there unsubdued by grace, and the fight still goes on. But thanks be to God, there is victory for us all through Jesus Christ our Lord. To him I cling, in him I trust, and his promise is good.

Ten days later he wrote again: —

As I spent the week before last in the house it gave me time for thinking, serious thinking, and as I have studied from day to day the subjects on the card for the Week of Prayer I have been led to self-examination and, I trust, to confession of sin and a more hearty consecration of myself to God. With my income cut off so largely this year I have had to go over the question of benevolence and study the law of Christian giving and plan my own course by it. When one who has been used to giving generously, according to the world's estimate, is obliged to cut down some appropriations and forego others entirely, and cannot go into particulars as to his reasons for doing so, he is liable to be misjudged and perhaps censured, and yet one must act in view of all his circumstances. If one has reserved capital upon which

he can draw at such times without prejudice to his creditors and his family, I think he ought to keep up his gifts, all the more because so many have no reserves upon which to fall back, and when income is cut off have only the mites to cast into the treasury. I have tried to look at the question from God's side as well as my own, and have decided that I ought not to make obligations this year beyond the tithe of the income I can reasonably expect. If, by the blessing of God, I have more to give, I must be sure to remember the obligation. It was not without considerable struggle that I came to this conclusion, but having settled it, I am at rest.

Mr. Gates was deeply impressed with the theme of the Holy Spirit, as he studied it at home during that Week of Prayer when he was confined to the house by sickness. He expressed his thoughts in the weekly letter to his son : —

There can be no doubt about the efficiency of the Spirit and his sufficiency ; the trouble is with us in our lack of desire and failure to comply with the conditions. One thing I do believe : that his power is largely to use the truth, and that unless we go prayerfully to the Word of God (Ps. 119 : 18), unless we appreciate the saving power of the Word (Ps. 119 : 11), unless we love it (Ps. 119 : 97-105) so that hours of musing and meditation are given to its sacred truths, the material will be lacking which the Spirit has appointed for his own steady and effectual use. I believe, furthermore, that there must be prompt and willing obedience to the commands and suggestions

of the Spirit. "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. . . . But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. . . . If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love." The promise is not simply to hearers of the Word, but to doers of the Word, and I profoundly believe that if we habitually respond to the suggestions of the Spirit and do practical work for Christ we shall come more and more into a condition in which we shall be able to discern the mind of the Spirit. Lack of conformity to God's law; God not in all our plans; only a partial surrender; something between us and Jesus Christ, — these are hindrances to holiness, to a faith with wings and a peace and joy that make the heart sing.

He said: "As I read my Bible, there is but one thing for the Christian when the Lord clearly makes known his will, and that is, to up and do it."

It was the constant influence of such motives as these which kept him so incessantly engaged in Christian work.

But it was not only in Christian work that Mr. Gates recognized the need of divine guidance. He was equally conscious of his need of the direction of the Holy Spirit in business affairs. A month later he wrote again: —

As president of the Union Shot Association I was enabled so to preside as to secure prompt attention to business, clear the table of a large amount of troublesome matter, and render a more than ordinarily large number of decisions to the satisfaction of all, at any rate so far as impartiality was concerned and a correct interpretation of our constitution. I give God the thanks, for I went into the meeting from long and earnest pleading on my knees for divine guidance.

At another time he said: "Oh, how easy it would be to do business if all professing Christians looked upon the things of others as well as their own, and were willing to bear one another's burdens."

The work for the Bohemians lay upon his heart continually with a close and tender pressure. He could hardly engage in any prolonged conversation without shaping the talk to this theme. It was a grief to him that all his brethren did not see the wisdom and importance of pushing that work as he saw it. He wrote: —

I am well aware that I have not the full sympathy of the churches in this special branch of our city missionary work. Many say: "What is the use of spending so much time and money on such unpromising material, when there are so many open doors among the Scandinavians with promise of quicker harvests?" I answer: "Admitting all you say about the Swedes and Norwegians, what do you propose to do with the Bohemians? Will they become better by

neglect? As they throw off the papacy, will they be made safer citizens by falling into the hands of atheists and communists? An avowed atheist publishes the Bohemian newspaper which is most widely circulated in this country, and while he is doing much to break the power of the Romish priesthood, he is also destroying the confidence of the people in God and the Bible by illustrated articles published every Sunday in which he makes fun of sacred things." I say to men not Christians: "You can well afford to give largely to me to help permeate their homes with the gospel of Christ, because it will make them better citizens and render your property more secure." I believe the Lord is in this work and he will lead us on with larger and better results. I never so longed for money as now, simply that I may spend it in carrying on Christian work. I find greater pleasure in this line than in visiting or attending club meetings, and yet my health has prevented me from doing as much as usual this winter. However, the Lord knows what is best, and I am content to do what I can.

A little later he wrote again:—

A slight friction has developed between the members of the board of directors of the City Missionary Society. Some would prefer to spend their money on the better class of fields, where by the aid given Congregational churches may reasonably be expected at an early day, and they did not approve of taking up work among the Bohemians with the large expense attending it. I have heard sundry reports, and seen the drift of opinion for some time back. While I fully appreciate the necessity of seizing strategic

points and holding them for Congregational churches, I should never have given time, strength, and money as I have, had not the thought of the neglected classes been constantly before me. From that quarter dangers to state and city thicken; from those godless homes issue streams full of deadly poison, fatal not only to themselves but to us all; hence I would push work among these classes simply *in His name* and by the power of the gospel to purify these homes and sweeten them. If life and health are spared to me, I can appeal to business men of other denominations for help to carry on the work at Clinton Street and among the Bohemians, where I could not appeal to them for church extension. I have no desire to bend the society to any plans of my own, but if the churches endorse that policy I shall have to go out among my business friends and secure funds to give the Bohemian enterprise a fair trial. If God is in the movement, a way will be opened; if he is not, then we had better drop it.

A way was opened; the opposition gave way as much before his own earnestness and devotion to the work as from any other cause.

The money came slowly. In April, 1886, the mission was moved to somewhat better quarters at No. 670 Throop Street, but these also were soon overcrowded. A church of thirty-six members, called the Bethlehem Church, was organized on the thirtieth of March, 1888, a few days after the organization of the first Bohemian church in this country at Cleveland. The Bethlehem Church numbered among its members Rev. E. A. Adams,

Mrs. Adams, and three of their daughters. This devoted family had taken up their residence near the church in order that they might the better forward its work. On this occasion Mr. Gates presented a communion set to the newly formed church. It was received by the people with tears of gratitude and many words of thanks spoken in broken English, or poured forth in their own language. The words were unintelligible, but the language of the eyes and the warm pressure of the hand were unmistakable. Mr. Gates rejoiced over the formation of the church and was deeply impressed with the importance of this event in the life of that community. Writing about it he said: "If I lived nearer, I would take a letter and join the little Bohemian church, and try to get a few others to do the same. Thus we would form a nucleus of experienced workers and help to develop these young Bohemian Christians. I really believe this is the only way to do it with any hope of success."

In the spring of 1888 Mr. Gates applied himself earnestly to the work of raising money for the building which was so greatly needed, and ground was broken the following year. Two or three times Mr. Gates was laid aside by illness while the work was going on. It was a great trial to him to be forced to give up even for a day the work which was so dear to him. One of these times of illness came when money was urgently needed for the prosecution of the work on the



building, and his anxiety in regard to it was retarding his recovery. Some of his friends discovered this when they came to visit him. When they spoke of the Bohemian church his eyes filled with tears and he turned his face to the wall. They went away determined that he should carry that burden no longer. Many friends responded nobly to their appeals, the money needed to complete the building was raised, and the burden lifted from Mr. Gates' heart. It was an act which gave him greater joy than anything which could have been done for himself. He referred to it with gratitude at the dedication of the church, saying, "I shall never forget the alacrity with which so many sprang to the rescue and provided funds when I lay upon a bed of sickness for weeks unable to continue the work of solicitation."

Health came back to his enfeebled frame and he said: "If I can only get the building up, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain."

The burdens were weighing him down. He strove to conceal them from those who were carrying on the work, lest they should become discouraged, but to his son he wrote: "Sometimes it seems as if I must lay the burdens down and rest. I find that while the spirit is willing the flesh is weak."

And as another year was drawing towards its close he wrote: "When I think of what I might have been and done had I only planned my life first for Christ, and made all of business and

pleasure adjust themselves to that, I mourn that the harvest is not richer. We try to grasp too much of earth and find our arms filled with emptiness and no sheaves for the Master. Oh, that my life and character might be brought more into harmony with God's Word, for I know that if I am out of harmony with that I am out of harmony with God himself."

When the new year had opened he said: "The year past has had so much weariness of the flesh for me, especially in its beginning and ending, it has shown me conclusively that I have lost my grip so far as doing hard work is concerned and that I shall have to be careful of my strength if I am to last long. There is so much to be done in the kingdom of God; it is such a crisis in the history of our own land and the world; the condition of our great cities cries so mightily to heaven for justice among men and mercy from God, that I would like to be strong and vigorous a little longer and give even the remnant of my life for Him who gave his life for me."

In every letter he spoke of the need of the new building and his longing to see it completed, and told of the numbers crowded into the unventilated rooms and the numbers turned away for lack of room. He grieved to have any turned away, because he counted every opportunity for teaching them the Scripture most precious. He said: "The Bible in the mind, its spirit in the hearts and homes of men, is the great want of the

masses here and everywhere. With practical love, common-sense, and plenty of courage and staying qualities, we can plant ourselves in any neighborhood and revolutionize it. We must not gather up the skirts of our garments for fear of soiling them, but take the little ones on our laps and sit right down with tired mothers and wives and husbands in their homes, and give the sympathy they crave, and when confidence is gained we can give counsel and advice. We must go down among the people if we would do them good."

While the building was going up Mr. Gates gave his time freely for the supervision of the work. He went often to the place, and watched over every detail of the work. Said one who visited the building with him: "Some months since he took me through the building then nearing completion. I did not know which to admire most—the edifice or the quiet elderly gentleman whose soft blue eyes were aglow with heaven's own light as he placed his hand on the shoulders of some smiling Bohemian children who had gathered about us and to whom he spoke of the building as all theirs."

At last the building was completed. It was dedicated on the first of May, 1890, and Mr. Gates' cup of joy seemed full as he told the history of the building and outlined the purpose for which it was built. When prostrate on the bed of sickness he had prayed that his life might be spared to complete the work, and his prayer had

been answered. We cannot describe the building better than by using his own words on that occasion:—

We have sought to make it substantial but plain. You will notice that our basement is very high, which gives us pleasant and airy rooms in it. The one on your right as you enter is for work among the girls and for their societies, with anterooms for their comfort. On the left in front is the reading-room and behind it another of the same size for the Boys' Union, and the two are connected by a large doorway so that they can be occupied for religious services in Bohemian at the same time that services are being conducted in English in the upper room. You will notice a large space in the basement not occupied as yet. We hold this for development. It may give us quarters for manual training where boys may be taught the use of tools to such an extent as to give them a better start in life than they would otherwise have. In the rear is a suite of rooms for the janitor's family, and a kitchen where we hope many a girl who has learned to speak English may be taught plain cooking, and thus be fitted for service in American families. On the first floor we have in the rear a beautiful room with equipment for the Kindergarten and the Primary Department of the Sunday-school. By throwing up the rolling wood partitions it may be united with the central auditorium. And the same is true of the Prayer Room and Bible Study Rooms, thus giving us seats for twelve hundred. In the southwest corner we have secured a study and office for Mr. Adams, and above that a pleasant room in

which to print the weekly paper issued by him. The large room in the second story is for the social and missionary gatherings of the women.

In the erection of this building we have had in mind first of all the carrying of the gospel of the Lord Jesus into the homes and hearts of the people who assemble here and live in this vicinity; but we also hope by appropriate lectures and concerts to help the people to understand our history and know what is needed to become true and loyal American citizens.

When he had finished his address a band of girls came forward and presented him with a handful of beautiful flowers. It was their own gift and prompted only by their love and gratitude to him for his loving services in their behalf. He was deeply touched by this act. The girl chosen by her fellows to present the offering said: "These flowers will fade and perish, but our thankfulness will never fade."

The Bethlehem Church became the strongest argument to allay the suspicions of the Bohemians and convince them that the Christians of Chicago cared for them.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LAST WORDS.

VERY soon after the formation of the Chicago City Missionary Society, the Chicago Congregational Club was organized. The objects of the club were thus stated: "To encourage among the members of the Congregational churches of Chicago and vicinity a more friendly and intimate acquaintance; to promote the intellectual and spiritual culture of its members; to secure concert of action, and to promote the general interests of the cause of Christ as represented by these churches."

From the first the cause of city missions held a large place in the deliberations of the Club, one meeting each year being devoted to a consideration of the work and needs of the Chicago City Missionary Society. Mr. Gates was often called upon to present this cause to the Club. His thoughts were clothed in well-chosen and vigorous language and his addresses were eloquent with his own earnestness. One thought, one love, one purpose run through them all. He had caught the thought of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost; and his love for the neglected men, women, and children of the city and his longing for their salvation found utterance at

every opportunity. His words seemed more like the utterance of some Old Testament prophet than like the formal addresses often given on such occasions. He had always as the foundation of his words some Scripture truth which was glowing and burning in his own heart and which he tried to apply to the ways of men in our times.

In 1885, at the May meeting of the Club, he was called to speak on the theme: "The Duties of Christian Laymen to the Neglected Classes." His address was as follows:—

A clear definition of words is often essential in the statement of a case. I desire to emphasize the word "Christian" in its connection with my theme. If we were living in the time of Paul and in the city of Antioch, there would be no need of explanation. Christ had just died on the cross, risen from the dead, given his great commission, ascended to glory, fulfilled his promise, and sent the Holy Spirit and the enduement of power from on high. Christians then were simply Christ-men and women, who believed in him as their personal Saviour, to whom they had unreservedly surrendered their own wills, simply asking, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? and prepared at whatever sacrifice to do it. Christ set an example of self-sacrifice, going about doing good, and he called all his followers to be workers together with him. Himself the first great missionary from heaven to earth, his disciples accepted the missionary work as the natural consequence of accepting Christ. Here we have our ideal Christian—one who has given himself to a loving service of a loving Saviour. Every



such person knows from his own experience the renovating, purifying, elevating, and sanctifying power of the gospel, and that, as it was the only thing that could change his character, so it is the only thing that can change the character of the neglected classes and thus cure the evils that afflict the city, state, and nation.

We take for granted in this discussion that the ministers are fully alive to the claims of God upon them, and are doing all they can to reach the masses, but that when they have done their very best there are great, outlying fields of power and usefulness into which laymen are called to enter. The ordained ministry is a part of God's plan for the redemption of human souls and the renovation of society, but only a part. It was never intended that ministers should have all the work cast on them. The idea of Christ was that each and every one called into his kingdom should at once become a worker. "Son, go work to day in my vineyard." The law of spiritual growth is spiritual exercise. God's plan is that every heart that believeth unto righteousness shall be wedded to a mouth making confession unto salvation. Growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is as impossible without constantly doing his will as is the development of muscle without physical exercise. When Christ had nearly finished his ministry in the flesh, and the shadows of the cross were already falling upon him, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and prayed unto the Father with his disciples and for them: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world"; and again he said: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their

word." Dear brethren and sisters, that prayer included you and me and every Christian layman of Chicago. If, therefore, we can establish the supreme thought of God in sending Christ into the world, we shall also have the thought of Christ in sending us into the world. Let the words of Scripture answer: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life"; and Jesus said: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Here is our commission as laymen, and personal service is the plan of our campaign. We are to be workers together with Christ in the saving of Chicago, the Jerusalem in which he has given us our homes. We should be alive to the situation, growth, and power of our city and the vast possibilities that open up to the eye of faith along its future development, in order to act wisely in the present and forecast that development for Christ.

The very large proportion of foreign elements in our population and their rapid increase, such that there is not time to assimilate them, lay upon us very heavy responsibilities; but, as Christian men and women, we must accept them and discharge them in the fear and love of God. We cannot ignore the neglected classes, and it becomes us to see to it that they are no longer neglected. Said Judge Talfourd, on whom death was at the moment laying its hand: "What is the great want of English society to mingle class with class? I would say in one word, It is the want of sympathy." It is as true to-day of Chicago as of England when he uttered it. It is said:

“Jesus . . . saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things.” He did not stop with simply teaching: he cared for their bodies, healing the sick, feeding the hungry and showing himself their friend. If we are to have any power for good among the neglected classes, we must go and do likewise. We must acquaint ourselves with their numbers, their condition, their previous environments, and the tendencies of their lives. We shall find our interest in them kindling as we work among them. We know that in a country like ours, where government derives its authority, not only in abstract theory but in actual fact, from the popular will, the obvious method of attempting to shape the character of society and discipline the nation is to apply Christian influence to the very source of the nation’s power and authority — the wills and consciences of the people themselves; and that the place of all others for this educating process to begin is the family — that divinely appointed institution for the education of the human race. Our duty to the strangers is to give them a Christian welcome and, just in proportion as they are ignorant and vicious, redouble our efforts to let the blessed influences of the gospel radiate into all their abodes until by its saving power they become Christian homes. God has given clear and unmistakable evidence of a prepared way by which we may gain access to the homes we seek to bless. The prophet said, “A little child shall lead them,” and in these days we are realizing what a mighty truth was bound up in the prophecy. Caring for the children of the neglected classes by

kindergartens, Sunday-schools, industrial schools, etc., makes house-to-house visitation easy, natural, and blessed work for teachers, Bible-readers, missionaries, and pastors, and opens the way for gospel preaching. This is a practical way to gain accurate knowledge of each home and its peculiar trials and wants, and, by wise and loving counsels, Christian literature, and timely charity, prove that the same mind is in us that was in Christ Jesus. To do this work even as it has been commenced demands a largely increased supply of faithful officers and teachers, and it is preëminently the duty of Christian laymen to offer themselves freely for this service. We want business men to become practically interested, to gather classes of young men, and so invest in them that mutual confidence shall be inspired and love begotten. What a power for good a thousand consecrated men and women might exert among the neglected classes by such labors, and how quickly it would tell for an intelligent exercise of the ballot as well as for an honest count and correct returns! Such personal work would so interest all doing it that the raising of money would be easy. Many business men who profess to be Christians excuse themselves from personal work, lose their interest in the work of Christ, and then the world of fashion, amusement, and business engrosses their time and exhausts their energies. Some claim they are too old to take up such work. What a mistake! Surely nothing can better prepare us for dwelling with Christ than coming into closest sympathy with him and coöperation with him in his great plans in our last days here on earth.

Another pressing duty of Christian laymen is to supplement their own personal services by supplying

missionaries to give their whole time to work among the poor and the outcast.

Another is to at once provide ministers of the gospel thoroughly furnished for the work of building up churches among the vast populations of our city and all through the Northwest. It is a terrible thing to know how few ministers are available of the right sort. The remedy is with us. How many of the fathers and mothers here to-night have fully settled it in their own minds that the Christian ministry is the noblest and highest calling open to human effort, and are selecting their brightest and best sons and daughters and educating them for that end? There are many Christian laymen who ought to form consecrated partnerships with sons, educating them for mission work, and then putting in the plants of lots and buildings and the money for their support over against the labor of the son. What a blessed partnership that would be, with Christ as the senior partner! And what a blessed influence such investments would have upon the neglected masses in this city! Such investments would soon solve many of the troublesome questions between labor and capital and purify our municipal government.

God holds Christians to strict accountability for their talents and wealth. He has said: "Ye are the salt of the earth." For lack of the preserving power of ten men and women Sodom and Gomorrah perished. Greece and Rome had wealth and art and culture but lacking Christianity they were destroyed. Let us be careful lest with all our wealth and material success we administer it in the line of self-satisfaction instead of self-sacrifice for the good of others and

thus bring ourselves under the condemnation of those who are not rich toward God.

Dear friends, rising above duty, we should count it our highest privilege to enter with fresh ardor and new consecration upon this work of saving the souls of the neglected classes and thus save the city. This is the Biblical way of saving the state. It is as true now as when Solomon uttered it, that "righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." Sin levels down and drags all classes into one common ruin. Righteousness levels up and makes us all brethren, with one Saviour, one hope of eternal life, and one Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

The treasures of heaven are redeemed souls, saved by the blood of Christ and through the instrumentality of Christian men and women. Christ says: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." We shall obey just in proportion as we make our time, our talents, wealth, all we have, count for the winning of souls, and this is the supreme duty of the Christian layman to the neglected classes.

This address reveals the burden of his heart, the consuming passion of his life.

In 1890 the April meeting of the Club was given to the subject of city missions, as usual, and Rev. H. A. Stimson, D.D., read a carefully prepared paper on "Congregational City Missions the Successful Experiment." He was followed by Professor Curtiss, president of the society, in a review of the ten years of the society's work, showing the grand results already accomplished



and what it could do if it only had the funds at its disposal. When he had taken his seat, the members of the club began to call for Deacon Gates, and he arose and delivered an address which left a marked impression on all who heard it. It was delivered without notes and was evidently impromptu, but papers found after his death show that, according to his habit, he had been thinking and studying along the line of this address and had recorded his thoughts in the form of notes, from which and from the remembrance of friends present on that occasion we may gather at least approximately the thoughts of that address.

He began with the following quotation from a newspaper concerning the province of Congregational clubs:—

“We believe that the Congregational Club has a mission and is feeling its way toward it. While we would not have it ignore the great problems of the day which are everywhere agitated, it best fulfills the end of its existence when it has regard to the local field immediately under its survey and care. Influences ought to go forth from every club which will strengthen the weak churches, lead to the planting of new ones, and unite all the Congregationalists in the vicinity, and all the Christians if possible, in wise and earnest labor for the Master and for men. By thus building over against its own house each club will share in the erection of that temple, the glory of which even now is silently but certainly filling the earth.”



Said Mr. Gates:—

I heartily indorse this statement. It has been a source of great satisfaction to me to feel that this Club has from the first acted along this line. The very fact that the April meeting is set apart by common consent for the Chicago City Missionary Society bears testimony to its deep and abiding interest in city missions as the most powerful agency at work among our masses for securing morality, industry, thrift, and good government by carrying the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ into their homes and securing its lodgment in their hearts. I also rejoice to know that a large number of our members are actively engaged in the work of saving the city. The multiplication of our missions makes an increasing demand for superintendents of Sunday-schools, for teachers, and for practical business men to serve as associate trustees in the new enterprises. It is impossible to compute or to put into words the value of such services both in the direct effects upon the little band of poor but earnest Christians who have not had much experience in Christian work, and indirectly upon the church from which such men and women go out, as they tell in their prayer-meetings the story of the new enterprise and its needs. City missions have often suffered sadly for lack of just this element in their inception and development. I know of no work where practical, sanctified common-sense and good business habits and methods are more needed than in the starting and developing of missions; and, dear friends, it is a glorious work! The want of to-day is the same as the want of the world when Christ looked upon the

multitudes and saw them as sheep without a shepherd, and had compassion on them and worked miracles to heal and feed their bodies, and then taught them as never man taught before.

Sympathy with the masses cannot be purchased for money alone. There must be the loving touch, the kindly inquiries, the practical show of friendliness. We owe pecuniary help to those less favored than ourselves, but that is not all. In the words of Bishop Harris: "The rich have something vastly more precious and helpful than money, which they ought to give, but which under our present system is too often not given, and that is personal sympathy, personal interest, personal friendship and good-will, to be manifested, as they only can be manifested, in the frank and unrestricted intercourse between the rich and the poor. One of the evil results of our present system is that the poor are largely bereaved of the personal sympathy of the rich; and not less is the loss to the rich themselves. They are deprived of the gratitude, the friendship, the friendliness of the poor. The softening, elevating influence of benefactorship is taken away from them. Princely though their gifts may be and large their charities, yet they go too often through second hands of institutional channels and meet no return of thanks or even of gratitude. They hear not that sweet music, the benedictions of the poor and lowly."

From whom, if not from such bodies as this, shall the remedy come? We are professedly Christian, have entered into fellowship and sympathy with Jesus Christ in his great work of saving a lost world. We have enlisted in his service and accepted his marching

orders : "Go, carry my gospel to every creature." If we would attain any high degree of spirituality and power for good, we *must do personal work*.

This is the first time in two or three years that I have been able to attend an April meeting because of sickness, and increasing infirmities warn me that I must rapidly lay aside the active duties that for years I have gladly performed, leaving to younger men the heat and burden of the day. Will you bear with me a few moments as I give you my thought about this work? Jesus Christ went about doing good. He was a great preacher, and yet how small a portion of his public life was taken up with preaching. He saw the gathered multitudes and was moved with compassion for them, sympathized with them, and attended his generally short, pithy, and practical sermons with acts of healing and care for their bodily wants, and the common people heard him gladly. He had sympathy with them and expressed it in a practical way. I affirm with no fear of contradiction that of all others, every Christian business man needs the Sabbath-day personal work for Christ such as is offered in the Sunday-school and the house-to-house visitation in connection with mission work. Sometimes men say to me : "I am too tired ; I want rest Sundays." You of all others need the entire change of thought and action that study of God's Word and practical application of it brings. You need the inspiration of touching human souls, of seeing eyes grow tearful and hearing speech tremulous with emotion as you press upon men, or upon your Sunday-school class, the great, vital truths of the gospel. Oh, what a virtue there is in such work, prosecuted at least on every Sabbath, to break

the power of this world and return one to his business on Monday fresh and vigorous for life's rational duties.

There was a power in the address that was not so much in the words as in the man. When his hearers looked into his face, whitened by illness and exhausting labor for the Master, and thought of his self-denying toil and the Bohemian chapel fast nearing completion, they yielded to him not only their earnest attention, but also the silent assent of the heart, speaking through their eyes and their faces. Says one of those present: "Called upon at the close of the meeting to say a few words, he spoke out of his own rich experience as though inspired. As he stood before the Club, his face lighted up with his subject, his words were exceedingly weighty, not only because so aptly chosen and so tersely put, but because he himself was a living illustration of their truth."

Another said: "As we looked upon his face aglow with a heavenly expression, as we heard his impassioned words, as we realized his joy over his own great achievement, we were made to feel that, like one of the old prophets, he had been inspired to deliver that message of the urgency of his Master's work, and that very likely it was his last 'burden of the Lord' to be delivered unto us. It will long abide in the memory and in the heart and purpose of all of us who heard it."

Says a third: "It seemed to me and to others that God had touched his lips as with a live coal

from off his altar, and fired his soul with a holy enthusiasm, as he urged in eloquent and persuasive words that which he so fully exemplified in his own life, the duty and the blessedness of consecrating personal work and wealth to the Lord's service. If he had known that it was to be his last public message to the business men of Chicago, he could not have spoken more wisely or more earnestly."

## CHAPTER XII.

### LAST DAYS.

ONE long-cherished desire had been granted in the completion of the Bethlehem Chapel, and it had brought great joy to Mr. Gates. There was still another desire burning in his heart, and that was to look again upon the face of the son and daughter who had been absent seven years. And now they were coming home, and all the father's thoughts seemed turned toward that home-coming. The chamber was prepared for them, and he entered into all the preparations with much ardor. He longed with a great longing to greet his children once more and talk with them of the work he had come to love as if it were his own; and it was indeed his own, for he had shared in it by his prayers, by his gifts, and by his counsels to so large an extent that he might well be counted as one of the workers in that mission field.

Often in those last days, as he kneeled at the family altar and offered the petitions for the absent ones, which had been going up morning and evening during the years of their absence, he would add the petition: "May these eyes behold the loved ones far away!" The prayers of those last days were like the familiar converse of one made ripe for heaven with his God, he seemed to

come so near the Saviour as he prayed. But nothing of this longing was allowed to find place in the letters sent across the seas. He wholly suppressed his own parental longings, so that his letters might sometimes have seemed cold, had we not known and felt his love and seen it evidenced by his constant thoughtfulness for our comfort and our welfare. His letters were full of words of cheer and comfort and encouragement to help us bear the discomforts of the way.

Says one who often met him in those days: "With gladness he told me of the joyous return near at hand. The beautiful home fronting the early summer foliage of Lincoln Park had been specially prepared for the full family gathering. With his accustomed accuracy he went over each step in the route of the travelers, with the probable dates of arrival and departure; the ride over the Mesopotamian Plain, across the Euphrates Valley to the sea, and the prolonged sea voyage through the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. Every day of the long journey was calculated, even the very day when he might welcome them. All was clear to his cheerful vision and told with an emotion that moistened the eyes of us both. He left for the anticipated meeting and his prayer, so oft-repeated, was answered; those eyes did 'behold the loved ones from far away.'"

He was accompanied on his journey to the sea-shore by Mr. S. M. Moore and his daughter, Mrs. Wiley, the father and sister of the brave but frail



little woman who had shared the toils, trials, and discomforts of the missionary life with a faith in God that had never failed and a loving spirit that admitted no complaints. Mr. Gates had been so happy and hopeful of late that he seemed stronger and better, though he told one of his friends that it seemed to him that his vitality was leaving him. On the way to New York he read aloud and talked in his own instructive and interesting way, making the journey seem short, though all were eager for its end and for the fruition of their hope and longing. There was a sudden change of the weather during the journey, and Mr. Gates' enfeebled frame could not withstand its effects. They arrived in New York, Friday, May 30, and on Saturday morning he was taken with a chill. A doctor was called at once, and Mr. Gates took to his bed by his orders, although he did not consider the attack serious.

Meanwhile the steamer *Umbria* was drawing near with its eagerly looked for cargo. The travelers caught sight of their native land and hoped that they should arrive Saturday evening and spend an unbroken Sabbath with the sister, who was married with them on that very day seven years before. But they arrived off quarantine just too late to enter the harbor and anchored there for the night.

The next morning how eagerly they strained their eyes to see the faces of the loved ones on the dock! One was missing, and when they came

within hail they could not restrain the inquiry shouted across the water that still separated them, "Where is father?"

As soon as the first greetings were over, Mr. Gates desired to return home. He had planned to visit the youngest son and attend the exercises of his graduation at Amherst on the way home, but his sickness changed his plans and made him anxious to get back to his family and his home. And so, the physician assenting to his removal, the whole party started homeward on Tuesday morning, June 3, 1890. As the train passed swiftly along the valley of the Hudson, Mr. Gates spoke of scenes familiar to him in early years, and seemed to take pleasure in seeing them from the windows, but after a little the fever returned, and he became weary with the motion of the cars and exhausted with the fever. His son ministered to him, keeping his head wet with cloths dipped in ice water. He bore the journey well, although it wearied him. As night came on he repeated slowly the Twenty-third Psalm.

And so they came home, Wednesday morning, June 7. Soon the disease took a more pronounced character, and the doctor announced that it was pneumonia. On Saturday he asked his son to read and pray with him. He chose the One Hundred and Third Psalm, and prayed that God would make his word precious and impress it on our hearts. And his father made answer, feebly but clearly repeating the words of the Psalm: "Who

forgiveth all our iniquities.' Oh, how much more ready he is to forgive than we are to ask!" On Sunday he was very weak, and for a time it seemed as if his faith were clouded, for he whispered feebly: "Have you no word of hope?" His son made answer: "God says, 'Fear not: for I have redeemed thee.'"

A little later he said: "Jesus, where art thou?" and again the son answered: "He is here." After a little pause, he said feebly: "From everlasting to everlasting. Oh, how precious!"

On Monday he was still weaker and distressed in breathing. He was too weak to talk, but the words of Scripture repeated to him seemed to bring him comfort: "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

He sank slowly and painlessly into the valley of the shadow of death, and passed away at six minutes past eight o'clock, June 9, 1890, in his sixty-sixth year. There was nothing dreadful in his death. Even in the moment when the first sense of loss fell upon the bereaved ones, there was a sense of the blessedness of the one who had gone from earth into the presence of Him whom he loved, such that he who closed the eyes from which the light had departed said in broken accents: "Thine eyes behold the King in his beauty." His family was gathered about his bed;

his wife and daughter, and the four married sons, Charles and William and Frank and Henry. Herbert, the youngest of the sons, was at Amherst College, and, owing to a delay in the delivery of the telegram sent to him, did not arrive until after his father had passed away. It was his father's desire that he too should study for the ministry, and that desire has since been realized. Indeed it seemed as if the heavenly Father had taken pleasure in gratifying the desires of his servant in his last days. In a former sickness he had prayed that he might be spared to see the Bethlehem Chapel completed, and it was granted to him. He prayed that he might look upon the face of his children, and that too was granted. And then it seemed as if the stimulus of hope and desire was removed and he departed in peace, leaving the memory of his love and his prayers to draw his children nearer to God. When his son Herbert decided to enter the ministry, his first thought was of his father, and he said: "I wish that I could tell him and see his face light up."

When the hour came for the last tributes to the memory of the deceased, the church was filled with those who had come from all parts of the city to unite in testifying their love and esteem for one whose life had won their confidence. But there were none whose presence so touched the hearts of the mourners as the sight of the little band of poorly clad men and women from the

Bohemian quarter. One poor woman had carried her baby in her arms clear across the city rather than fail to come; and they brought a wreath of flowers to be laid upon the coffin, on which was inscribed, "*Mi loval nas*" (He loved us). The grocer sent a wreath of flowers, saying with tears in his eyes, "He was such a good neighbor!" And the flower-woman sent a little bunch of flowers "for his hand." The rich and the poor met together in showing honor to one who loved them both.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A LIFE WORTH LIVING.

IT is hard to gather up the impressions made by a life which seemed so fully to respond to the touch of the Holy Spirit as the one we have recorded.

He was a loving father and husband. It was his delight to plan and execute pleasant surprises for those he loved. On one occasion his daughter was to go to a western city and there seemed to be no opportunity to provide companionship for her. Mr. Gates was pressed with business, but he decided that he would take the time to accompany her to her destination and then return. He would not allow her to be told of his intention, but himself accompanied her to the station, bade her farewell, and took his seat in another part of the train until it was well under way, when he appeared to her delighted and wondering eyes, and removed every apprehension in regard to the journey by announcing that he intended to accompany her.

Often when his family were spending the summer in the pleasant cottage he had built for them at Charlevoix, Mich., he would plan sudden visits, arriving all unannounced and entering by the back door in order that he might enjoy their

surprise and gladness. During his visits he added to the pleasure of all at the resort by his genial presence, by his ministrations, and especially by his words and petitions so full of spiritual power when he led their thoughts in the morning devotions, which were a part of the life in that summer home.

We cannot better convey the impression he made on those with whom he came in contact than by transcribing the Memorial Address of the Rev. E. A. Adams, with whom he was so closely and intimately associated in the Bohemian work which they both loved:—

Never shall I forget that morning when in hope and yet in fear I took up the paper to look for what I dreaded most of all to find, and found what I had feared and not what I had hoped. Never shall I forget how the tears started from the eyes of every member of our family, and how the stillness at the breakfast table told of the grief, too deep for words, which had taken possession of all our hearts. For we knew that he who had been associated with all our planning for the Bohemian work, without whose presence no Sunday had been complete, no picnic satisfactory, and no Christmas festival a success, had taken part with us in these exercises for the last time.

The fact that impressed us perhaps the most of all was this: that he gave himself to the Bohemian work as if it were his only work. We knew at the time that it was only one of the many directions in which his energies were turned, and it has become clearer



to us since his death. The demands of his business were exacting ; it seemed to us increasingly so during these last years. The work of foreign missions filled his heart, it would seem almost to the exclusion of everything else. The Chicago Theological Seminary and its interests were never off his mind. Indeed, scarcely a single object in which our churches are interested was in any sense forgotten by him. Nevertheless he seemed to us to be just as full of plans for the Bohemian work, as full of methods to awaken and increase the interest in it, as if it were the only thing for which he thought, or for which he cared. To me this was a marvel at first, and the marvel only grew with my increasing knowledge of the multifarious interests he was constantly forwarding. I do not know that I ever made a suggestion of any importance to him that he had not already thought of. In all my desires for enlargement I found that he had invariably gone before me, and when it came to carrying out the suggestion it was always done in a way so much larger than I had even hoped, that in this respect my recollection of him is, as it were, of an unbroken series of surprises, which culminated as I saw Bethlehem Church taking form and realized how completely he had arranged for every possible use to which it might be put. Many a call, intended on my part not to overrun three minutes, has been lengthened into hours of consultation with regard to the interests of the work, when I knew that work late into the night would have to compensate for the time he was so cheerfully giving to me. And a word dropped now and then in these conversations showed clearly that if he had been talking with some one else, he would have shown

the same enthusiasm in any one of twenty or more objects that lay near his heart.

Another characteristic of Deacon Gates was his apparently entire independence of visible outward encouragement. Not that he did not see encouraging signs. No one saw them more clearly, or knew better how to use them than he did; but it was perfectly evident that his courage and enthusiasm were not derived from them. If any one at any time had reason to lose heart in an enterprise, that person was Deacon Gates, and that time the early history of the Bohemian work. This is not the place to tell of discouragements, which, until I knew him, I supposed must dampen his ardor; there were plenty of them, but none of them ever turned him aside a hair's breadth from his purpose. Indeed it was clear to me at the time, and has been made clearer since, that in addition to all his other burdens he took upon himself and carried this one of concealing from us, who were directly in the work, everything which might tend to our discouragement. He always made as much as possible of favorable signs, and as little as possible of the opposite. He had entered upon the work after much prayer, and not until possessed by the conviction that God had called him to it, and he never seemed to doubt that God would carry him through.

Another characteristic was the completeness with which he could enter into the feelings and experiences of the Bohemian people, with whom he was previously wholly unacquainted. The various temptations which beset them because of their previous and present surroundings he instinctively appreciated. All the spiritually benumbing influences of a dead state church, all

the blighting results of a formal acceptance of Christianity which works no change in the life, all the depressing and degrading influences of a church without Christ and of a government regardless of the real interests of the people, seemed to be as familiar to him as if he had made a special study of them on the very ground where they exist. Resulting from this was his wonderful patience with them, even in matters where he feared danger to the dearest interests of our country and her Christian institutions. The bitter hatred of the Bible and Christianity on the part of freethinkers among them he could overlook, because he realized how utterly ignorant they were of that which they opposed.

Deacon Gates knew what real success in Bohemian work as well as in all other Christian work involves. He saw clearly that the radical change in character which Christianity demands and, if genuine, produces cannot be brought about in an instant. He cared not for fruit which was not genuine and which would not stand the test of God's Word. He knew the power of the gospel in his own life, and he dreaded most of all to have any one imagine that he is a child of God until he has with all the force of his character entered the narrow way that leads directly to the throne of God. He knew, what we all say and think we believe, that one soul filled with the Spirit of God is mightier than an army of halfway Christians. And this was his ideal for the Bohemian people. His hope for the new Bethlehem Church was not chiefly to have it call forth the approval of the Bohemian people, or that it should serve merely as a place of entertainment, though both of these objects seemed

to him worthy as a means to something better. His real wish, as it came out in his prayers and in all his conversations, was that it should be a center of Christian power for Bohemians in this city and, to some extent, in all this land, and thus become the means for carrying the pure gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to the widely-extended Slavic races, who occupy so large a portion of eastern Europe as well as of western Asia. He looked forward with the fondest anticipation to see the Bohemian people take up the work which John Huss was forced to lay down, and do for their own and sister races that work for Christ of which he believed them capable. It was this deep-seated longing that made him say more than once: "If I were a younger man, I would plant myself in their midst, and thus let the whole of my influence tell upon them."

This leads me to mention the one characteristic of Deacon Gates which manifested itself in the Bohemian work as well as in all his other work, and which gathers up into itself all the rest. He was a consecrated Christian man. He had given himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and had not the slightest desire to recall the offering he had made. This offering carried with it his whole being; and when, in the providence of God, it came to him to take up the burden of the Bohemian work, in addition to all the other burdens he was carrying, he bowed himself to allow his Master to place that burden just where he would, then arose and went on his way cheerfully, gladly, happy himself and making all around him happy and enthusiastic by the contagion of his own God-given enthusiasm and Christian joy. Unless I utterly misread

him, it was his highest joy to serve Him who had died for his salvation. He loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing would touch him more keenly, or bring a tear to his eye more quickly than the thought that some one was dishonoring that name which was to him, in the fullest sense, above every other name. He loved the Church because it is Christ's Church; he loved men because Christ died for them, and he loved the Bohemian work because he saw in it a means of serving Christ.

His love for Christ was so strong that he could forget himself. As I look back upon the time spent with him, I am astonished to see how little he ever told me of his own personal history — practically nothing, except as it would illustrate some plan of work, or suggest some method of dealing with a soul that needed help. This personal history, as I have read it since his death, was one of which any man might be proud, and which not a few men would have often repeated. He had no time for this. The most important things must be talked about first, and in his conversations with me that meant the things which would help bring the gospel, with all its power to lift up and save, into contact with the lives and hearts of the Bohemian people. During the six years and a half of my acquaintance with him I do not know of a single instance when he failed to be at our Sunday-school, five miles away from his home, unless he was out of the city or physically unable to be present. And he was never absent that we did not speak of it and feel a deep sense of loss. He loved the children and they all loved him. At our picnics he was as young as the youngest, entering into all their sports

with the zest of a boy. The first question of the older boys and girls when talking of an entertainment was: "Will Mr. Gates be there?" No cheers were so hearty as those they gave for him when, at the close of some picnic, they were reminded that he had provided it all.

His love for Christ, his purpose to elevate and dignify the life of the people, and the love with which he loved them are built into an enduring monument in Bethlehem Church. He devoted to this building his time, his money, and all the powers of his fertile mind. There is hardly a stone, hardly a brick or a board that he did not know and about whose location he had not thought. This church has called forth the highest encomiums from Bohemians, and the more it is used the more evident becomes its almost perfect adaptation to its work.

But to think of Deacon Gates as having closed his connection with the Bohemian work when he cast aside the veil of flesh and entered upon his heavenly inheritance is wholly to misapprehend the truth. We know that his works do follow him, and should know it if it were not written in the Book. We meet him now as we go among the people whom he loved so much. There are boys and girls, and adults as well, whose conception of what is best in human life is derived from their knowledge of Deacon Gates. The mother who carried her infant on that summer day from Randolph Street to the New England Church in order to be present at his funeral will tell that child in after years the story of his life, and the child's life will be enriched thereby. His Sunday-school class, whose



loving hands draped his chair and kept it draped for six weeks, because they could not bear to have it removed, will carry to their dying day, yea, we trust to the very throne of God, the impress stamped upon their hearts by his consecrated life. And the boys, who, in their debates, use him as a sufficient proof that wealth and genuine Christianity are not necessarily hostile to each other, will be wholly different men from what they would have been had they not been acquainted with him. But more than this: not only will his memory continue—he himself continues here among us. Those streets made sacred by his tread in days gone by are to be trodden in days to come by those whom he started on their errands of love. That soul who loved the Bohemians so tenderly in days gone by has not ceased to love them now. And that love which never dies will continue its blessed ministry in all the years between this and the final consummation. Yes; and his own mantle shall fall not on one only, or two or three of those who knew and honored him in this city of Chicago, but many will be raised up and the work which he seemed to drop will be taken up with fresh vigor and renewed consecration, so that not only Bohemians, but all the nations who are knocking at our doors shall receive that which many of them do not seek, for which most of them care so little, even the gospel of Jesus Christ; and this land shall become in reality as well as in name that blessed land whose God is the Lord.

Yesterday I heard the little children, whose voices he so much loved to hear, singing this verse from Sears' beautiful Christmas hymn, —



For lo, the days are hastening on  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When, with the ever-circling years,  
Comes round the age of gold.  
When peace shall over all the world  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole earth send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

And I said to myself, If all, according to their opportunity and ability, would do as much toward ushering in that blessed day as Deacon Gates did, the world would not wait very long for the glory of its dawning.



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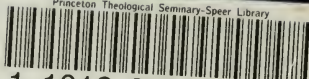
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